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FALLEN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Comrades, hollow out a grave
Underneath this shattered ash,
On the field he helped to save
In the battle's din and crash.
Lay him here. It matters little
Where a soldier's grave is made.
Boys, the thread of life is brittle;
Death is but a passing shade.

Did you see him in the fray,
Where his blows fell thick and fast?
Through the ranks he fought his way
Till the foremost line was passed.
On he pressed toward their standard
With his eagle eye on fire,
Heeding not the rebel vanguard,
Only drawing nigher, nigher.

Did you see him clutch the flag
In his grasp as strong as steel,
While the fire from yon gray crag
Made the charging columns reel?
Flashed his sword like God's swift lightning,
Blasting those on whom it fell,
And his iron grasp kept tight ning,
And his voice rung like a knell.

Ah, to see him when the foe
Hurled their might against his arm,
Striving hard to crush him low
In their panic and alarm.
Hurled he back their proud defiance,
Shout for shout and blow for blow.
Death with life made swift alliance,
And the hero lieth low.

Lay him down to his long rest
On the field he helped to save;
Pile the earth upon the breast
Of our loved and fallen brave.
May his peace be peace forever;
He has won the fight of life;
Pattern we by his endeavor,
Though we fall amidst the strife.

The Man of Steel:

The Masked Knight of the White Plume.

A TALE OF LOVE AND TERROR.

BY A. P. MORRIS. AUTHOR OF "FRANZ, THE FRENCH DETECTIVE,"
"BEAUTIFUL SPHINX," "SILVER SERPENT," "STAR OF DIAMONDS," PENT," "STAR OF DIAM."
"FIRE-FIENDS OF CHICAGO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I. MADAME LA BARONNE.

OUR story opens in Paris in the horrid hours of the memorable year '94.

It was nightfall. An unusual calm for such a period of strife rested upon the agitated city. Upon the Seine a boat, containing a single occupant, was gliding straight for the quays of Isle St. Louis: a second hoat, with two occupants as pant, was gliding straight for the quays of lake St. Louis; a second boat, with two occupants, a short distance above, was shooting obliquely and noiselessly in the same direction; a third, a larger boat or barge, was appreaching similarly from a point below. This last contained six

soldiers.

In the gathering gloom these three parties did not observe each other moving amid the spectral-moored craft that lay still and grim upon the placid bosom of the water, the twinkling lights from which seemed like eyes of malevoice seeking for additional terrors in the cloak

The first boat gained the quay, and the person in it, with quick, mysterious movements, sunk the light craft after having secured to a ring a strong line attached to the prow. Then, moving to the left, he vanished as strangely as his boat, appearing to sink through the very massive stones upon which he trod.

A few moments later the second heat struck

A few moments later the second boat struck ne stairing of the quay, and was carefully tied. "Now, then, Perrue, be cautious," said one. "Oh! if I mistake not, here is the damp imprint Young de Cosgnac must be already

here. Come!"
The two figures moved stealthily to the right, where they, like the first-comer, vanished as if

The next and last boat landed at precisely the

The next and last boat landed at precisely the same spot, but the armed men it contained were loud-spoken and coarse, making no effort to keep the fact of their presence secret.

"Come—hasten with that knot!" growled the leader, stroking his bushy beard impatiently.

"We have scarce an hour for the performance of our duty, and who knows but that we may have some trouble with that brat of the noblesse, have some trouble with that brat of the nob Latour de Cosgnac—ha! There is a boat. oat of de Cosgnac, no doubt. Down with the obility!—also, down with their boats! Sink!" and as he thus commanded, four or five boat of de Cosgnac, no doubt. sharp pikes were driven through the bottom of

sharp pikes were driven through the bottom of the boat, tearing the planking asunder. "But what of the other—the girl? Eh, Ser-geant Killer?" asked one of these men. "my my heart! she is pretty—she is beautiful! I have seen her. But since these changes in the government she lives secluded as the mouse in the field. We have come to apprehend Madame Elise—we dare not use titles, you know—also er son, Latour; but what of the girl, Sergeant

Ho! that tongue of yours is a mile too long. Suffice that I have my instructions from Poilet St. Liege, and be sure I shall carry them out faithfully, at the cost of my head!" was the reply of burly Sergeant Killer.

"Our true master, Citoyen Robespierre," he added, immediately, "does well in wishing to sweep royalty and the priests from the face of sweep royalty and the priests from the face of the earth; and Captain St. Liege—whose money and life may the Mother of Fate both preserve for our future use! I may growl it lowly into your ass-like ear—thus—that St. Liege would like to possess the angelic Pearline," and under his breath: "By the horns of the moon! I would like much to have her myself." They aloud. his breath: "By the horns of the moon! I would like much to have her myself." Then aloud: "Come, rascals! We shall sip some of the rare wine in the cellars of this fugitive baron, and mayhap shall find some pretty waitresses in the dining-hall. Forward!"

Upon the Isle St. Louis, close to the quays, stood a stone mansion three stories in hight, built large and square, having a tower, and whose walls were reputed to be strong enough to withstand a charge of heaviest cannon-shot.

to withstand a charge of heaviest cannon-shot.



The edifice was imposing viewed from without; its gate-like doors, port-hole like windows, grim tower, high stone balconies at side and rear, overlooking a garden inclosed by a wall, and the plain, massive front facing the quays with the appearance of a defiant stronghold. Four of the soldiers, Sergeant Killer at their head, ascended the broad stone stairs toward the "castle" entrance, leaving one of their number to guard the boat.

Within the castle splendor met the eye at every turn—style, finish and furniture attesting the wealth of the exiled noble.

At the moment the first boat arrived at the

At the moment the first boat arrived at the quay stairs, Madame Elise, Baronne de Cosgnac, was seated alone in her sumptuous bedehamber, intently reading an open letter and anon raising her eyes studiously toward the burnished spears that crossed armorially upon the tops of the graph posts of the graph. four high posts of the curtained couch

four high posts of the curtained couch.

Madame was somewhat advanced in years; an invalid. Her face, once considered beautiful, was thin, pale and careworn. A woman of many virtues, in contempt in those days, she had never been a favorite among her peers, and preferred the quietness of a secluded life to the frivolities and glitter of a grossly immoral court; content with dispensing charities and winning a name for goodness. Living similarly, and under virtuous care, her adopted daughter, Pearline, had grown to a nure and glorious wo-Pearline, had grown to a pure and glorious wo

The apartment in which madame sat was one ass of tapestry, neither door nor window beg visible. At one side was a tall, narrow closet of ebon hue, hung with *crepe* held by immense gilt buckles and surmounted by a cornice studded with beads of steel. In the very center of the ceiling, which slanted on all sides like a square tent of many rich and tastefully-blended hues, shone a multiplicity of lights in a chandelier of classy prisms

delier of glassy prisms.

As she read, her eyes—like all eyes of those Frenchwomen who, by some enchantment of nature, seem to retain at least one mark of their beauty forever—sparkled with a pleasure that appeared to increase upon the perusal of each line, and her bosom heaved with emotion incident to unexpected and promising news, thrill-ing her whole frame; until, at last, crumpling the letter spasmodically and raising her eyes,

she exclaimed:
"The good Father in heaven grant that all may be as my beloved husband wishes and prophesies! Then, I feel that we may be restored to each other's arms and enjoy the sweets of our long, unchanging love in the peace that knows no persecution. This encouragement is panacea beyond all medicine. But, stay: this letter contains information and hints which, if discovered, would soon destroy those plans he speaks of and would soon destroy those plans he speaks of and perhaps bring death to many. Since I have graven its contents on my heart, my next duty o my husband is to burn it

Reaching toward a small desk that was on a work-table close at hand, she caught up a lighted taper, then began folding the letter with the ntention of burning it and crushing its ashes beneath her feet even where she sat.

Thus will I destroy the evidence of my hus-

band's plot," she murmured.
But as madame was on the point of applying the taper, there occurred an interruption. Though no doors or windows were visible in

baronne, but this was unknown to the baron.

At the moment when madame was about to apply the folded paper, she detected a noise in the direction of the panel door behind the ta-

As she paused and glanced around quickly the covering before the panel was thrust aside and a man stepped out advancing toward her with a rapid step.
Madame Elise

Madame Elise uttered an exclamation of bleasure and half-rose from the large, highcushioned chair. The letter and the taper dropped from her hands, and the taper went out with a "pouff" as it struck the floor.

Latour! My boy!" "Yes, mother mine! I am safely housed The next instant they were clasped together armly—mother and son.

CHAPTER II.

MOTHER AND SON.

THE man who entered by the panel of the secret passage was Latour de Cosgnac, son of madame—a man, indeed, with every stamp of honor and intelligence prominent in his handsome features.

features.

His supple and finely-developed form was a striking picture of health and muscular strength. From neck to loin he wore a jacket of linked and woven steel; on his head a highly-polished round steel cap with a single peak, surmounted by a long white feather; from beneath the cap luxuriant locks curled about the well-shapen head. At his hip he wore a long, broad, two-handed, double-edged sword, and in his girdle a sharp dagger—two items by no means uncomsharp dagger—two items by no means uncommon in those days when people of all factions went heavily armed, not knowing at what near

moment they would be called upon to defend both their honor and life.

He had been an officer in the Queen's Dra-goons, had faced the cannon of the enemies of France and was distinguished for a bravery akin to recklessness, such was his bold, venture-some spirit and provess with that sword which some spirit and prowess with that sword which few of his brother officers could wield. But the same popular hate which had disintegrated the Life Guards had compelled him to seek retire-

ment, rendering it more necessary in the events following the cruel execution of Louis XVI.

His abode, during daylight, was that secret chamber in the tower, hiding with others by day, and prowling for a worthy cause by night.

Latour de Cosgnac was the occupant of that first host which was landed and newtorically first boat which was landed and mysteriously

ink at the quay stairs.

He advanced toward his mother and cast him-

"I fear not, my son. Remember, there is a signal to be given, on the back of the panel, as again to be given, on the back of the paner, as aach one passes upward to the secret chamber. I have been in this room continually—expecting you—and have as yet heard no signal. More-over, Pearline, who has so faithfully assumed the duty of carrying refreshments to you and your companions, tells me that the dishes last taken to the tower have remained untouched. She was with me a few moments since. But, rise, my son, and be seated near me. Your dangerous work—which may God forgive, since it calls for frequent sacrifice of life!—keeps you so much from me that it is rare pleasure to have you here."

"Speaking of Pearline," said the young man, rising and leaning over the high back of the chair, "tell me of her, mother. Is she well? Dear girl! I have not seen her for nearly two

whole days."

"Well—and much exercised in your behalf.
Oh, how she loves you, my son! A jewel, indeed, is our sweet Pearline!"

"Blessings upon her! She cannot love more deeply than I. It is cruel, but just, that she will not wed me until she is satisfied as to her identity. Is it not strange that we may not even know who she is until her twentieth birth—to know only that she was placed when a even know who she is until her twentieth birth-day?—to know only that she was placed, when a helpless infant, in your carriage; and after so many years to receive a mysterious packet from an unknown source—that packet to explain all when she shall arrive at her twentieth birthday; more strange when that grim casket was brought here, containing a skeleton said to have been found in one of the deep dungeons after the fall of the Bastille—having engraved on its skull the mere words: 'This is the father of the child you have named Pearline.' Her moththe child you have named Pearline.' Her moth

then, may be living."
"It is vain to think of that, my son; useles to conjecture. I have the packet where I may guard it safely. At the date fixed by the intructions written upon the outside—exactly even days hence—we shall doubtless know all. It is in my desk— Ha! what whisper was hot?"

"Whisper, mother? I heard none," and he glanced about the room, astonished at the sudden expression of madame. She was not mistaken in imagining that she

She was not mistaken in imagining that she heard a whisper or a hiss, or a noise similar to either, her hearing being much more acute than that of her son; for as she spoke of the mysterious packet her last words seemed to echo lowly back to her as if from an invisible mouth.

In the upper and middle portion of that somber closet already alluded to was a round bored hole scarce larger than a grain of corn which, owing to its smallness, had escaped the observa-

wing to its smallness, had escaped the observa-

He advanced toward his mother and cast himself at her feet as devotedly as knight ever knelt to fair lady, clasping and kissing her hands with great respect and affection, while he said:

"My dear mother, I am sensible of the fact that you must have been most anxious at my continued absence. Last night, in attacking a large number of gensdarmes to wrest from them

The allusion of madame to the secret packet roused a sudden interest in the owner of the baleful eye, and as she mentioned its receptacle the lips beneath the eye exclaimed:

"Oho! in her desk! She keeps the packet in her desk—that small desk on the work-table jumbled up with embroidery. That packet I must secure. I am glad I know where it is. It relates to Pearline. And if it tells me what I have for so long suspected then I [shall coin money by it, and thereby get back as much as I have lost through Leplanche's abominable assessments for this miserable Revolution. Good! In her desk. Let me remember it "—all in a rapid whisper having the sound of a protracted hiss, and it was this which startled the keen ears of madame.

hiss, and it was this which startled the keen ears of madame.

"I am sure, my son, that I heard either a whisper or a hiss, and I am also positive that it came from there," pointing at the same time to the somber closet.

"It is hardly possible for any one to be concealed there," he laughed, "for it can only be opened by a secret spring the existence of which is known to none but ourselves. I will glance into the closet, however."

"Oh! He is about to look in here!" muttered

"Oh! He is about to look in here!" muttered the owner of the eye. The eye vanished from the hole, there was a

The eye vanished from the hole, there was a slight movement, the rustle of a gown, and the next instant Latour wrenched open the door.

In the recess stood a perfectly articulated skeleton, white, stark, with that infernal grin which freezes upon the jaws of all well-preserved skulls. This skeleton, upright and tall upon a low, cloth-covered pedestal, was all that met the gaze of madame and her son.

"See! Unless this wretched image of bones has voice, you were mistaken."

"See! Unless this wretched image of bones has voice, you were mistaken."

"True—I may have merely fancied it; but it was a strong and strange fancy. My son, I once surprised Pearline kneeling and weeping before that poor skeleton, and I heard her say:

'Oh, my father! Would that the secret of the grave might voice through those too-lifeless jaws, to tell me who or what I am; that Latour, my heart's idol, could learn the sad history of my wretched being!' Close the door. It is not a pleasant sight to my eyes, this remnant of a man supposed to have been the father of our dear Pearline. I was about to speak to you of my husband, your father."

"Ah! Then you have recent news of him?" uttered the young man, eagerly, as he shut the closet and returned to lean upon the high back of the chair.

"That Bonaparte shall be the savior of France, and, if need be, turn his troops against those men who have inaugurated and would continue the terrible Revolution. And then—what think you follows next, my son?"
"I cannot read the riddle."

"I cannot read the riddle."

"That Bonaparte shall be ruler of France!"

"Blazes!" ejaculated the listener in the closet.

"Here is a plot. No doubt all this news is contained in that letter lying upon the floor, which madame seems to have quite forgotten. I must have that letter. Let me remember both the packet and the letter. Eh, now? what's that?

Oh! the soldiers have arrived!"

Before Latour could vent the surprised words upon his lips, as his mother disclosed a portion of the plot which history fulfilled, they were startled by coarse, rough voices, cries of alarm and heavy pattering of feet, all mingled, penetrating like a half-smothered and ominous murmur to the tapestried room.

"What can be the meaning of that?" questioned Latour, aloud, his senses ever alert for the secret of danger in those troublous times.

The disturbance grew louder, seeming to approach—voices of angry men and shrieks of afficiented women.

proach—voices of angry men and shrieks of af-righted women. Presently there was a distinct call for help.
"By the stars of heaven! there is some out-

rage perpetrating in the house! Be calm, dear mother, until I return," and flashing forth the great sword from its sheath, he took a step toward the concealed door leading to the hall.

"Hold, there! Be not rash, young man!
Blazes! would you destroy yourself?" rung a sharp, shrill voice through the room.

Madame, with a scream, started from her

The door of the closet had suddenly swung wide open, and on its threshold stood the owner of the evil eye that had spied upon madame and

"My son! my son! I knew there was some one in the closet!"

Latour, sword in hand, faced about at that terrified cry from madame, and as he did so, an expression of mixed astonishment and loathing

expression of mixed astonishment and loatning overspread his face.

"Paschal Broeck! Despicable mountebank! How came you here? Speak, ere I drive this weapon through your snake-of-a-body!"

"Blazes! You would murder me!—when I am here to save you and madame from arrest, from the Conciergerie, from the guillotine?"

"Explain yourself!"

'Explain yourself!'

"Have you ears? You hear that riot in the house, in the halls, and you do not guess its meaning? Blazes! the castle is full of gensdarmes. They come to arrest you and madame—why?—because you are of the nobility. They want neither nobles nor the heirs of nobles in Paris. What then?—the Committee; the jury; the judge; the scaffold! To expose your self would be death, for you would resist, be taken, and your head mounted on a pike-staff! Oh! but I am here to save you. I alone can do it. The gray is grayfed; excape that way is out. it. The quay is guarded; escape that way is cut off; so depend not upon the secret passage behind the panel, which I know of. Heh! halt there! you will be a dead man in five minutes!" just then occurred something

-E--- WHE BATURDAY LOWINALD -E---

broad hall.

It was another, a new sound that caused this impetuous action; the voice of a maiden in deep distress, and the words of the voice were:

"Latour! Latour! Help, or I perish! Help!"

"Tis the voice of Pearline!" shouted Latour, thrilled with the dread of danger to his betrothed; and with the ponderous sword grasped in fingers rigid with muscles of steel, he bounded forward to the rescue.

CHAPTER III. ADVANCING in regular file, with Sergeant Killer leading, the six ruffian "arrest guard" presently halted at the great front door of the

castle.

"Now then! Ho! open here, Down with this door!" bellowed the sergeant, at the same time dealing thunderous blows with the heavy butt of his pike-staff. "Open, I say!" and then he banged away at the large clapper, splitting it in twain with his burly fist.

After some delay the door swung wide, showing a number of servants gathered in alarm to ascertain what caused such an unwonted clatter at the entrance.

Four soldiers, elbow to elbow, were "dressed"

at the entrance.

Four soldiers, elbow to elbow, were "dressed" before the door; men with faces of pirates, dirty frocks, rusty helmets, and above the helmets a row of glistening pike-points in admirable drill.

As the door opened the light flooded out from the hall, and in this light Sergeant Killer stepped forward and planted one monstrous booted foot upon the stone sill with a slapping thud that echoed on the air like a pistol shot.

John Killer was a giant prodigious in strength and hight. He wore a pair of colossal boots reaching above the knees; above the knees a beaded apron; above the apron a jacket of black velvet and yellow trimming; above the jacket a neck like a bull; and mounted on this neck a head with a face ferocious as that of the wild tiger of the jungle. A beard the length and spreading shape of a trimmed palm-leaf; a thick mustache like two bunches of twisted wires that stood far out on either side of the hairy cheeks; a pair of eyes as large as an owl's, but flerce, keen, scintillating like those of a cobra; ears like the extended wings of a bat. He was armed cap-a-pie—pike, pistol, dagger and saber; and when it is admitted that he was as courageous as he was ugly, this man-monster might be considered a most formidable enemy.

From John, he had been nicknamed Jack. Jack Killer suggested to the fertile minds of his

From John, he had been nicknamed Jack. Jack Killer suggested to the fertile minds of his companions an addition in parenthesis, in harmony with his massive build, thus: Jack (The Giant) Killer; hence, for all time afterward, he was known as Jack The Giant Killer more readily than by his nom de bapteme.

was known as Jack The Giant Killer more readily than by his nom de bapteme.

It is easy to imagine that such a man bore not the best of characters, with ferocity and crime gleaming from his terrible eyes.

His rusty helmet was pushed to the back of his head, letting loose the unkempt hair; he placed the other foot upon the sill, opening his cavernous mouth like the jaws of a crocodile, and roared forth, loud as a bull:

"Holloa! Where is the baron? Where is madame? Where is the baron? Bring them out. And let us have some wine instantly! Bring us the people and the wine, before you are pinned with pikes to yonder staircase! Be quick!"

The terrific mien, the roaring voice, the ominous demands of gigantic Sergeant Killer—backed, too, by a file of armed men—so affrighted both men and women servants that they immediately set up a loud cry and fled precipitately, some ascending the broad staircase and others seeking escape by the passages on each side of it leading to the rear of the castle.

ry, some ascending the broad starrcase and others seeking escape by the passages on each side of it leading to the rear of the castle.

This staircase, very broad and easy of ascert, was in the center of the main hall, having on the two sides below passages to the rear, and on the two sides above balustraded ways to the front. From the second to the third flat there was a civilar staircase.

was a similar staircase.

While several servants, screaming in terror, continued their flight to the uppermost story, a female figure appeared at the head of the first staircase and gazed wonderingly at the scene transpiring below and around her. This was Pearline

She was attired in a plain white robe. Over the shoulders and below the waist fell an opu-lence of hair like the first burst of gold in morning sunlight, and above the brow a band of jewels. Her brows were dark; eyes of deepest blue, radiant with animation—more radiant still the form of exquisite grace which even the loose-fitting robe could not wholly conceal. Her skin was pure and tinted by the wondrous word of both each start and course the all wand of health and virtue—and purer than all the heart that pulsed in her bosom, as it heaved with excitement under the rude stare of these strange intruders.

strange intruders.

Even Sergeant Killer was struck spellbound for a second, as she suddenly appeared, seeming more like a dream-vision of indescribable loveliness than a reality.

"By the Virgin's brood! there's a spirit from the clouds!" the bull voice roared. "Ho, up there! You are Mademoiselle Pearline?"

"I am she. What is your business here?"

"We want the whole family de Cosgnac. We want you. All are to go with us. Descend and give yourself up!"

We want you. All are to go with us. Descend and give yourself up!"

"You can have no lawful business in this castle. Begone!—I command you!"

"Oh! We shall see about that! Bring her down!" ordered the sergeant, and one of the men strode up the staircase.

"Wretches! You would not dare lay hands on me!" exclaimed Pearline, riveted with amazement.

ment.
"Seize her!" thundered the giant.
It was when the rufflan soldier grasped her rudely that Pearline uttered the piercing

'Latour! Latour! Help, or I perish! Help!" "Latour! Latour! Help, or I perish! Help!"
She did not know how near her lover was; it was the first impulse of voice which broke from her startled lips, and shaped of itself the name of one who, of all men, should be her defender

And right quickly came the answer to the appeal:
"Latour is here!"

"Latour is here!"

Beneath the peak of the steel cap, contrived with springs, that it might be pulled down or pushed up at pleasure, Latour de Cosgnac wore a jet-black mask. This mask he lowered as he a jet-black mask. This mask he lowered as he sprung to succor his betrothed.

There was a sound of swiftly-bounding feet; in another moment the massy, two-edged sword circled and flashed high in the air. The sur-prised soldier, who could not retreat from his danger, interposed his pike-staff to receive the

But the shining steel descended through staff, helmet and skull, and the stricken rufflan pitched headlong and lifeless downward!

A Man's Art.

(To be continued.)

BY EMMA B. RIPLEY.

THE Metropolitan Theater one September night, eleven years ago. The house blazing with light and beauty, all eyes intent upon the

memory?
The play was "Angelo," a vicious little thing of Victor Hugo. Read it if you like—I never cared to—and you will find it Melodrama of the worst type, I doubt not. Her genius made it

In the last scene I turned my head away; it In the last scene I turned my head away; it was too real: I shrunk from seeing the fatal blow. As I did so my glance was fixed by a far different object. A young man, of aspect the most peculiar I had ever met, was gazing intently at the stage; tears, actual tears, were running down his cheeks.

The play was over, the audience dispersed. As we made our slow way through the crush I saw the unknown again, almost at my elbow. Julia saw him, too, and recognition brightened her face. "Erastus!" she said, softly, and he

her face. "Erastus!" she said, softly, and he curned at once. It was her cousin, Mr. Bolton. She took him home with us to supper. By the time we were fairly seated at table, our

aptures had abated somewhere near the level fordinary life. We could speak of our delight and analyze its causes. Every one was enthusiastic; even Julia's brother, ordinarily so matter-of-fact. Mr. Bolton alone was imperturbable; his coolness seemed a sarcastic comment on

our warmth.

"Wasn't that last scene terrible?" asked Julia.
"I shut my eyes—I could not look."

"I, on the contrary, kept mine open," said Mr. Bolton. "I watched her, as I used to Signor Blitz, to see how it was done."

"This of the see how it was done."

"My dear girl, that is a sight you will never enjoy. I went through with that years ago, as "this of transfer was a little too much stranger."

This effrontery was a little too much, stranger though he were.
"Oh, Mr. Bolton," I exclaimed, "if I should

tell what I saw!" He turned toward me with the greatest uranity. "And pray, Miss Darcy, what did you

I made some subterfuge and was embarrassed. I made some subteringe and was smoot rassed.

I felt sure that to expose his little weakness would anger him deeply if not visibly. He was not embarrassed, however, but honored me with a stare that implied something very peculiar in

"How exquisitely she was dressed!" said ulia. "It was art, and by no means its lowest "There's woman's ingenuity," observed her

ousin. "She won't own to her delight in an legant toilet; she must disguise her admiration a artistic fervor. For myself, I am above such

elegant toilet; she must disguise her admiration in artistic fervor. For myself, I am above such duplicity. I lost half an act trying to decide which was the handsomer, the blue dress with diamonds, or the black velvet, when she wore the sequins in her hair."

I knew that this was fibbing: that he had not lost a word nor gesture. But if such were the tone he chose to take, it was his own affair. If he were ashamed of emotion, considered it weak, just as well. I liked much better the frank enthusiasm of Fred Munro, who sat next me, and whose sentiments mirrored my own.

By and by it was late, and the guests departed.

"Isn't your cousin rather eccentric?" asked
Minnie Munro, as we went up-stairs.
"You needn't state it so mildly, my dear. He

'you needn't state it's offindry, my dear. He is odd, excessively so. For my own part, I feel sure that if I had been about to be beheaded, and had spied him for the first time among the crowd, I should have lifted up my head from the block and asked the executioner, 'Who is that?' It is not his looks alone, but his demeanor and they that cold glave he fives on you and then that cold glare he fixes on you hrough his spectacles—did you notice it, Helen? You think I speak too freely, perhaps. I might ust as well do it to himself; of all mortals he the most utterly indifferent to others' opin-

Being just seventeen and desirous to please every one I met, this character appeared to me the most unamiable that could be drawn.

Julia and I occupied the same room. Just as was dropping asleep, she startled me with the

Do you know what those diamonds were

"No," I answered, not deeply interested.
"Did you ever see a tree in the early morning, hung with rain-drops from a shower that had fallen in the night? Do you recall the lustered that had fallen in the night? r of those innumerable pendants? Not pr matic—that would be vulgar in comparison—but clear, pellucid drops of concentered light?" "Yes," I responded, sleepily. And all night swam before my eyes the great

theater, the glitter, the jewels, and that one pale face, with its story of passion and of power.

Two years later, I was visiting Julia in her new home. It was rather a quiet visit, for Mrs. Fairleigh did not greatly affect company. But we rode and walked, read, and talked over our reading, and enjoyed ourselves exceed-

As we drove up one morning, great wheel-tracks were visible on the greensward before the house. "The stage has stopped this morning," Julia averred. "Now who can it be? I expect neither guest nor parcel."
Hurrying on, we encountered a portmanteau on the steps; on the hat-stand reposed an unmistakable cap and cane.
"Erastus?" we exclaimed. The next minute he came out to meet us, bestowed the most business-like of salutes upon his cousin, and favored me with a brief gripe of three of my flugers in his extended palm.

n his extended palm.
"Cordial way you have of welcoming a felow," he said. "Here have I been two mortal

low," he said. "Here have I been two mortal hours without a soul to speak to, have looked through all the books, examined the music, and studied each specimen critically. If you had not come just as you did, I should have left in disgust, marched to the station, and been off without letting you see me."

"Oh, you couldn't have been so cruel!" observed Julia. "How could you expect me to be looking for you again so soon? You were here for a week, you know, in April."

"That visit was to you, now I have journey."

"That visit was to you; now I have journeyed hither entirely on Helen's account. Somebody told me she was here, so I packed my va-

ed inther entrely of Treter's account. Some body told me she was here, so I packed my valise and came along."

It had pleased Mr. Bolton to establish between himself and me a tone of perfect unreserve as regarded the expression of his opinions concerning me or to me. He called ne "Helen" invariably, and criticised my speech, dress and actions, in a way that made Julia terribly jealous, she declared, she having been hitherto the sole object of his zeal in these particulars. It would have seemed absurd to take offense at any of his brusqueries; and I considered him, as I well might, a rather bearish relation, who was fond of me at heart.

"What a color you have, Helen!" he said, surveying me attentively, after the first greetings were over. "Upon my conscience, you are growing a remarkably fine girl. You've never got over those eyebrows, though, and never will."

I rose quickly, and looked at him with disap roval. "I don't like that sort of jesting," I re

marked.

"Well, I don't often sin in such a manner; you must forgive the one offense. And now hold out your hand; I want to see if this fits."

He had been very much engaged for about a week in the manufacture of cocennut rings, and had donated them very freely about the country among the ladies of his acquaintance. One of these rings was now tendered to my acceptance.

"Really, I am obliged to you," I said,
"though my gift comes rather late in the day.
I suppose your calculations were not quite exact, and you had one more than you knew how to dispose of. Or, perhaps, Miss Raymond refused to take it."

fused to take it."

"She was not asked."

"I thought you were carving your best for her. But, I presume you are intending to offer her a ring of more costly material."

"Perhaps I am." he replied. "Miss Raymond is by no means an unfavorable specimen of her sex. She is stronger in vanity than in intellect, it is true; her soul, if she has one, must be of microscopic dimensions; but she is good-natured, and dresses well. One might do worse."

"Erastus." I said lauchine, vet a little vexed

love!"

"My dear girl, that is a sight you will never enjoy. I went through with that years ago, as with chicken-pox and other infant disorders, and am proof for evermore. I don't mean to say," he continued, after a pause, "that I can never love anybody again; but, only, that I shall never exhibit to the world that sheepish, monstrous condition known as being in love. I could entertain a very tender though rational affection for a woman who was worthy of it."

"There is the difficulty," I said. "With your opinion of our sex, I fear you will not very soon find her."

Erastus had been very busily occupied in

polishing my cocoanut ring up to the present moment; he now laid it down, and at the same time removed his spectacles. His eyes, not ac-customed to the unobstructed light, winked a "I have found her," he announced.

"I have found her," he announced.

"Indeed! And what sort of a person is she?"

"She is handsome," he said, "and young. I admire beauty, you know. I shouldn't like to walk through a garden and not pluck a rose for myself".

Is that her only merit?" "By no means. She has a quick though not very well-regulated mind. So far as I can

judge, her principles are correct, her heart warm, her temper annable." warm, her temper amfable."

"A pretty good account," I said. "I believe you are, as you state, not in love. You analyze your charmer quite too coldly. But does she return your sentiments? And who can she be? Neither Julia nor I suspected anything

One question at a time. If she returns my sentiments, is just what I wish to know. And as for who she is, she is here—she stands before me—her name is Helen—it is you!"

"Mr. Erastus!" I cried, in unqualified amaze-

ment.
"Yes," he said, with a little nod. "You." "Erastus," I exclaimed, in a provoked tone, "this is too bad. I thought you were really going to tell me about some one. I supposed you were in earnest."
"And so I am, my dear Helen," he said, very

gravely.

This was certainly new. So absurd and un

This was certainly new. So absurd and unatural did it seem that I could hardly persuade myself to give him an answer. He sat awhile in silence, and then remarked:
"Well, I am waiting."
"My dear friend," I replied, "if you really mean what you say, I am very sorry. I like you very much—but that is all."
Erastus put on his spectacles and took up the ring again.

ing again.
"Confess," I said, speaking out the belief of my heart, "that this was only an accident: you just happened to think of it as you sat

"Not at all," he answered, quietly. "It has been on my mind in some fashion since the night we first mee in New York. But I saw there was no chance for me then."
My heart gave a painful throb, and the blood rushed to my cheeks. Was the past never to be put away and forgotten? Must I at each turn

"But now, after so long a time," he con-nued, "I thought there was perhaps a hope r me. It was to ascertain this that I came

tinued.

for me. It was to ascertain this that I came here this summer."

"I am very sorry," was all I could say.

"You need not be," he answered, kindly. "I don't blame you in the least. I know I am not the sort of person who was ever likely to win the regard of a girl like you. I don't wish to conceal from you that it would have made me very happy if you had said yes. But I feel that you never coquetted with me and I want you to be certain, dear Helen, that I love and esteem you above any other human being." He spoke with feeling and I was a good deal moved. with feeling and I was a good deal moved.
"And now," he added, "we will be friends,
the same as ever."
Such a result of the interview was entirely in

his power. It was not in mine.

I thought of it often, and the more it was dwelt upon, the stranger it appeared. This man, so utterly indifferent, so incapable of all feeling, had cherished thus long his silent affection! It invested him with an interest otherwise foreign; a little tinge of romance began to associate itself with the spectacles and cane. Of course it was the wildest idea on his part. I had my visions once: I smiled to think how heart; a king among men, and yet subject to

me.

And I thought I had seen that vision made real; I had believed that the brightest, the most bewildering romance was to come in and be part of my every-day existence. A brief, cruel experience had undeceived me. With love and lovers I was done. Yet the memory of the old fancies lingered; enough to make me smile, as I have said, at the contrast.

object of his zeal in these particulars. It would have seemed absurd to take offense at any of his brusqueries; and I considered him, as I well might, a rather bearish relation, who was fond of me at heart.

"What a color you have, Helen!" he said, surveying me attentively, after the first greetings were over. "Upon my conscience, you are growing a remarkably fine girl. You've never got over those eyebrows, though, and never will."

I studied the decried eyebrows carefully as I dressed for dinner. I had been disposed to admire them myself, though I knew they were peculiar—black, slender, and almost horizontal. Candidly, I could see no reason for altering my yet."

caused the young man to leap forward, tear aside the folds of tapestry and dash out into the broad hall.

It was another, a new sound that caused this impetuous action; the voice of a maiden in deep distress, and the words of the voice were:

"Latour! Latour! Help, or I perish! Help!"

"Latour! Latour! Help, or I perish! Help!"

"Tis the voice of Pearline!" shouted Latour, thrilled with the dread of danger to his betrothed; and with the ponderous sword grasped in fingers rigid with muscles of steel, he bounded forward to the rescue.

"In scene: a quiet garden, a sleeping servitor. Then entered two, conversing as they came; a man and woman. He, clad in the garb of a well as any girl, I said, the purpose of the words of saven day one to look at, talk to. Any young lady stay-ing in the house would have been the same.

One morning I was kneeling in front of a book-case, arranging some volumes on the low-spiritual splendor, that charm which was not spiritual splendor, that charm which was not spiritual splendor, that charm which was not beauty but transcended it. All that glory has sunk in night; the grave hides it; but who that saw Rachel will not keep forever the dazzling memory?

I rose quickly, and looked at him with disapparties, such as gentlemen usually excuse them-selves from, or put off with very brief attend-

I have mentioned Erastus's patronage of teaparties, such as gentlemen usually excuse themselves from, or put off with very brief attendance. At one of these gatherings a new face appeared, diversifying the familiar monotony. I cannot tell what precisely was the charm of Alice Saye. She was pretty, but many are prettier. Rather short, with a soft, baby-roundness; fair, with a sweet color in her cheeks; but by no means faultless in feature. Neither did she possess special grace or fascination of manner, yet every one was charmed by her. I was, myself—at first.

Julia was in raptures over her. In the begin-

myself—at first.

Julia was in raptures over her. In the beginning I was amused by her eager admiration, but the resultant casting-off of her partiality for myself was not quite so pleasant. I had preserved my early regard for Mrs. Fairleigh unshaken thrugoh all the deeper feelings of these years; the change hurt me a little. Not, indeed, that Julia neglected me; but you understand how it is when you find yourself no longer first in an accustomed regard. One is always liable to this with persons of Julia's stamp; impulsive in attachments, they are fickle, as well. It is best to recognize this fact and submit to it.

But Erastus. There, at any rate, one would have looked for some consistency. It was not to be expected that his cool deliberateness would be impressed so strongly and so soon. Yet so it

be impressed so strongly and so soon. Yet so it

Whenever he entered her presence Miss Saye whenever he entered her presence hiss saye absorbed him. Not of her own will, but his: I must do her that justice. He was not in the habit of concealing his preferences, or making any sacrifice to appearance. I was quite used to this in my own case; quite accustomed to see him neglect every one else in the room for the sake of exchanging mere nothings with me. It sake of exchanging mere nothings with me. It was new to have the disposition manifested as I now beheld it in the total ignoring my presence. now beheld it in the total ignoring my presence.
I was an old friend, at least, to whom some courtesy was due. Yet I might sit in the same apartment with him for hours without the slightest notice; those pale-blue eyes behind the espectacles glanced over me as unconsciously as if I had been a chair or table. Miss Saye had all his glances, all his interest, all his attention.

tion.

She was good, this girl. I knew it, but I did not really like her the better. There must have been room in the world for her, and friends, without her coming into my sphere, taking away what belonged to me. After waiting awhile I made up my mind to reconquer at least one of my realms. I should not submit to be thus quietly put down and forgotten. I was tolerably confident of my power if I once chose to exert it.

Beautifully my plan worked! At one time it

might have imported something to Erastus whether I were friendly and gracious or cool and distant. It certainly did not now.

I was vexed at myself for the pain this caused me. If I really cared for him, I thought, I should at once desist; I would not court a truit regard. But he had treated me with such civil press—offered me everything one week and civil news. intregard. But he had treated he with such fickleness—offered me everything one week and withdrawn everything the next. I should not have complained had he continued my friend; but to sink at once to such entire inconsequence was too much. My pride rebelled at the idea of such defeat. uch defeat.

such defeat.

So I renewed my warfare. Such stores of wit and accomplishment as I possessed were brought forth—and to what purpose? One of her incoherent, artless remarks outweighed it all. She had a beautiful, sincere nature; I acknowledged that its charm was genuine, and deserved, perhaps, to triumph. Not the less was I eager to reclaim my own. I was even guilty of the meanness of trying to outshine her in my dress. It was not difficult, for I was rich and she was poor. What did bright-hued silks

in my dress. It was not difficult, for I was rich and she was poor. What did bright-hued silks and sparkling jewels do for me? Her soft outlines, her pure tints, remained the same. Should the tulip flaunt in her gaudiest colors, the violet so only sweeter and more modest by contrast. And then—just by the merest chance—I earned something of the history of the man I had refused. Then for the first I knew how much of real worth his odd demeanor had obscured; what active unassuming goodness cured; what active, unassuming goodness welt under that seeming indolence and impas-ivity. Why could I not have heard it before Perhaps—but no, of course my answer must al-ways have been the same. Only I should have understood better the value of the offering tempered my refusal with more of the gratitude tempered my refusal with more of the gratitude that became me. I recalled with shame the envious rivalry of these later weeks. It smote me with a pang that Alice Saye deserved his friendship far better than I. Why was I not willing to resign it to her?

I will go, was my decision after some inward strife. Here I am superfluous and unamiable. At home I can compose myself to receive wedding-cards, if it comes to that.

Julia heard the announcement with friendly opposition, but I bore it down. Erastus said nothing. Did I suppose he would?

When we were alone he condescended a remark. "There will be one less at our gatherings."

"How flattering!" I responded, with assumed blayfulness and secret acrimony. "'One You expected me to say, instead, how much

we should miss you?"
"Not at all. I don't wish any sacrifices of

truth to compliment."

"The fact is," continued Erastus, meditatively, "that Miss Saye has rather taken the wind out of your sails—with Julia—or did at first. I think the early enthusiasm is cooling down, though, and you might as well remain." What an allusion for him to make! Miss Saye—with Julia!

"Thank you," was my hasty answer. "I have no desire to await the sober second-thought of any one's regard."

If you did not wish Erastus to take up a remark, it was better not to make it. He understood and replied to this at once.

"What would you have?" he inquired. "You rejected the best I could offer you."

This was coming to the heart of the matter at

once. I was covered with confusion—yet per-haps there was a secret relief at the outspoken

question.
"What would I have?" I stammered. "I "What would I have?" I stammered. "I would have a little—" and here I was about to enter my complaint. But no, this would never do. It was not my part to lead him to an explanation. "I don't want anything," was the conclusion of the sentence. Your wishes have been pretty well met, then, all along."
Such rudeness was unbearable; he might have

Such rudeness was unbearable; he might have shown a little interest, a little consideration. I turned to leave the room.

"Pray don't go," he said. "Now, Helen, be reasonable. You rejected my regard, but you don't seem willing that another should accept it. Is that fair? is that honorable?"

"It isn't that—but to be so entirely put aside—to be made nothing when I thought we were such friends—"

"Oh, then it is not my attachment to Miss

"And why?" he asked. "Who has a better right?" I was silent. "Of all men," he said, "I am the most constant. Proof: I have never wavered a moment in the attachment formed wo years ago, and announced to you a few

I started and looked at him in astonishment. "And you, Helen," he continued, taking my hand, "are you equally reliable? Or, may I hope that you are fickle, as I said, and a little less determined than you were the other

began to comprehend both him and myse Was this what I had wanted all the time? Did I really care for his love? Could I be so inconsistent? I feared it, indeed, for a thrill of hap-

sistent? I feared it, indeed, for a thrill of happiness went through my heart to which it had long been a stranger.

"No answer for me?" he asked.

'I am not fickle," I said, pulling to pieces Julia's finest geranium-blossom which stood unfortunately near; "but people have a right to change their minds upon reflection."

And then, the past faded away: its said that

change their minds upon reflection."

And then, the past faded away; its sad ghost no longer haunted me, forbidding joy. The present shone on me with a strange, peaceful brightness. The warm hand that clasped my own had led me forth from shadow into sun.

Julia came in; she saw the wreck of the generation.

"That must have been your work, destructive one," she said, and scolded me with laugh ng eyes.

A great charity toward Alice Saye came over
me. What a sweet girl. But might she not
have misunderstood the meaning of these

weeks?
"Erastus," I said, trying to be severe, "you were very bad to both of us. What could induce such conduct?"
He smiled.

He smiled.

"I am not much of a lady's-man—not well versed in the tactics that conquer a fair woman's heart. But is it not one of the first principles that jealousy is a powerful ally? It was on that assumption that I acted."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, reproachfully, "were you not above employing a stratagem so stale?"

"Not more than you were above being subdued by it."

"But are you sure," I asked, anxiously, "that Alice did not mistake your meaning?"

"But are you sure, I asked, analous!, Alice did not mistake your meaning?"
"Yes, if she understands the use of language; I told her of my regard for you the second time we met; it was the unfailing theme of discourse

And I thought you indifferent, ready to forget!"
"You had so little faith? You really supposed I could relinquish my prize at the first word of discouragement? Oh, Helen!"
It was the last time I could complain of coldness. What a love henceforth surrounded me, what a home was ours! How softly the golden years lapsed by, how summer shone perpetual in our hearts!

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THE YOUNG NEW YORKER: A Boys' Story Paper and World of Sport. LOOK OUT FOR IT!

MY BABY.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

Oh, where did the spirit of my little one dwell Ere it donned these soft robes of my own? Who gave it the power, 'neath mortality's spell, Thus to enter this world, all alone? It existed before! else, why should it know So much, this wee little thing, Which has opened a fountain life's surface below, Fed with a Pierian Spring.

Who taught thee, my darling, so soon to create Joy, fraught with such wonderful power,
That once it exists, it will never abate,
But increase with each sweet passing hour?

And why is thy cooing more eloquent far Than the tongues of Philosophers be? And why is affection, like a new risen star, Outshining your bright galaxy?

Thy tears move me sooner than any beside, And contains baby's voice power to thrill My heart's tenderest chord, as a master would glide O'er a favorite flute at his will.

Tell me, my baby, who gave thee the rod. Which is swayed like a scepter, by kings? Where lieth thy power? Came it from thy God-Love shielded, for such Little Things? Oh, whisper thine answer, my baby, at night!
Tell the secret from lips without sin;
Did you come, cherub one, from yon hills of light,
Like an angel, my spirit to win?

Did God send thee, as once to this sin-stricken He sent His beloved one—His all— Like thee, a wee baby, watched o'er from his birth? Then, I'll heed thy sweet innocent call!

The Lamb and the Wolf;

The Heiress of Llangorren Court.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID, AUTHOR OF "SPECTER BARQUE," "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE POACHER AT HOME. CORACLE DICK lives all alone. If he has rela-

Coracle Dick lives all alone. If he has relatives they are not near, nor does any one in the neighborhood know aught about them. Only some vague report of a father away off in the colonies, where he went against his will; while the mother—is believed dead.

Not less solitary is Coracle's place of abode. Situated in a dingle with sides thickly wooded, it is not visible from anywhere. Nor is it near any regular road; only approachable by a path, which there ends; the dell itself being a cul-desac. Its open end is toward the river, running in at a point where the bank is precipitous, so hindering thoroughfare along the stream's edge, unless when its waters are at their lowest. Coracle's house is but a hovel, no better than the cabin of a backwoods squatter. Timber structure, too, in part, with a filling up of rough mason-work. Its half-dozen perches of garden ground, once reclaimed from the wood, have grown wild again, no spade having touched them for years. The present occupant of the tenement has no taste for gardening, nor agriculture of any kind; he is a poacher, pur sang culture of any kind; he is a poacher, pur sang—at least, so far as is known. And it seems to pay him better than would the cultivation of cabbages—with pheasants at nine shillings the brace, and salmon three shillings the pound. He has the river, if not the mere, for his net, and the land for his game; making as free with both as ever did Alan-a-dale.

But whatever the price of fish and game, be it high or low Correcte is never without good.

it high or low, Coracle is never without good store of cash, spending it freely at the Welsh Harp, as elsewhere; at times so lavishly, that people of suspicious nature think it cannot all be the product of night netting and snaring. Some of it, say scandalous tongues, is derived from other industries, also practiced by night, and less wentth blother. Istuded the decried eyebrows carefully as a curtain. Rising, it disclosed a stout female in pink. We looked at her with interest. If not the point of the point o which, if heard beyond its walls, 'twould not be

well for its owner.

More than half-time, however, the poacher's dwelling is deserted, and oftener at night than by day. Its door shut, and padlocked, tells when the tenant is abroad. Then only a rough when the tenant is abroad. Then only a rough lurcher dog—a dangerous animal, too—is guardian of the place. Not that there are any chattels to tempt the cupidity of the kleptomaniac. The most valuable movable inside were not worth carrying away; and outside is but the coracle standing in a lean-to shed, propped up by its paddle. It is not always there, and, when absent it may be concluded that its owner is on some expedition up, down, or across the river. Nor is the dog always at home; his absence proclaiming the poacher engaged in the terrestrial branch of his profession—running down hares or ratbits.

It is the night of the same day that has seen the remains of Mary Morgan consigned to their resting-place in the burying-ground of the Rugg's Ferry chapel. A wild night it has turned out, dark and stormy. The autumnal equinox is on, and its gales have commenced stripping the trees of their foliage. Around the dwelling of Dick Dempsey the fallen leaves lie thick, covering the ground as with cloth of gold; at intervals torn to shreds, as the wind swirls them up and holds them suspended.

Every now and then they are driven against

swirls them up and holds them suspended.

Every now and then they are driven against the door, which is shut, but not locked. The hasp is hanging loose, the padlock with its bowed bolt open. The Coracle is seen standing upright in the shed; the lurcher not anywhere outside—for the animal is within, lying upon the hearth in front of a cheerful fire. And before the same sits its master, regarding a pot which hangs over it on hooks; at intervals lifting off the lid, and stirring the contents with a long-handled spoon of white metal. What these are might be told by the aroma; a stew, smelling strongly of onions with game savor conjoined. Ground game at that, for Coracle is in the act of "jugging" a hare. Handier to no man than him were the recipe of Mrs. Glass, for he comes up to all to its requirements—even the he comes up to all to its requirements—even the primary and essential one—knows how to catch his hare as well as cook it.

The stew is done, dished, and set steaming upon the table, where already has been placed a plate—the time-honored willow pattern—with a knife and two-pronged fork. There is, besides, a jug of water, a bottle containing brandy, and a tumbler.

a jug of water, a bottle containing brandy, and a tumbler.

Drawing his chair up, Coracle commences eating. The hare is a young one—a leveret he has just taken from the stubble—tender and juicy—delicious even without the red-currant jelly he has not got, and for which he does not care. Withal, he appears but little to enjoy the meal, and only eats as a man called upon to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Every now and then, as the fork is being carried to his head, he holds it suspended, with the morsel of flesh on its prongs, while listening to sounds outside!

At such intervals the expression upon his countenance is that of the keenest apprehension; and as a gust of wind, unusually violent, drives a leafy branch in loud clout against the door, he starts in his chair, fancying it the knock of a policeman with his muffled truncheon!

This night the poacher is suffering from no ordinary fear of being summoned for game trespass. Were that all, he could eat his leveret as composedly as if it had been regularly purchased and paid for. But there is more upon his mind; the dread of a writ being presented to him, with shackles at the same time—of being taken handcuffed to the county jail—thence before a court of assize—and finally to the scaffold!

He has reason to apprehend all this. Not-

fore a court of assize—and finally to the scarfold!

He has reason to apprehend all this. Notwithstanding his deep cunning, and the dexterity with which he accomplished his great
crime, a man must have witnessed it. Above
the roar of the torrent, mingling with the cries
of the drowning girl as she struggled against it,
were shouts in a man's voice, which he fancied
to be that of Father Rogier. From what he has
since heard he is now certain of it. The coroner's inquest, at which he was not present, but
whose report has reached him, puts that beyond
doubt. His only uncertainty is, whether Rogier
saw him by the footbridge, and if so to recognize him. True, the priest has nothing said of
him at the 'quest; for all he, Coracle, has his
suspicions; now torturing him almost as much
as if sure that he was detected tampering with
the plank. No wonder he eats his supper with
little relish, or that after every few mouthfuls the plank. No wonder he eats his supper with little relish, or that after every few mouthfuls he takes a swallow of the brandy, with a view to keeping up his spirits.

Withal he has no remorse. When he recalls

the hastily-exchanged speeches he overheard upon Garran-hill, with that more prolonged dialogue under the trysting-tree, the expression upon his features is not one of repentance, but of devilish satisfaction at the fell deed he has done. Not that his vengeance is yet satisfied. It will not be till he has the other life—that of Jack Wingate. He has dealt the young waterman a blow which at the same time afflicts himman a blow which at the same time afflicts himself; only by dealing a deadlier one will his own
sufferings be relieved. He has been long plotting his rival's death, but without seeing a safe
way to accomplish it. And now the thing
seems no nearer than ever—this night further
off. In his present frame of mind—with the
dread of the gallows upon it—he would be too
glad to cry quits, and let Wingate live!
Starting at every swish of the wind, he proceeds with his supper, hastily devouring it, like

Starting at every swish of the wind, he proceeds with his supper, hastily devouring it, like a wild beast; and when at length finished, he sets the dish upon the floor for the dog. Then lighting his pipe, and drawing the bottle nearer to his hand, he sits for a while smoking.

Not long before being interrupted by a noise at the door; this time no stroke of wind-tossed waif, but a touch of knuckles. Though slight and barely audible, the dog knows it to be a knock, as shown by his behavior. Dropping the half-gnawed bone, and springing to its feet, the animal gives out an angry growling.

Its master has himself started from his chair, and stands trembling. There is a slit of a door at back convenient for escape; and for an instant his eye is on it, as though he had half a mind to make exit that way. He would blow out the light were it a candle; but cannot as it is the fire, whose fagots are still brightly ablaze.

While thus undecided, he hears the knock repeated; this time louder, and with the accompaniment of a voice, saying;
"Open your door, Monsieur Dick."
Not a policeman, then; only the priest!

CHAPTER XXVII. A MYSTERIOUS CONTRACT.

"Only the priest!" muttered Coracle to himself, but little better satisfied than if it were

the policeman.

Giving the lurcher a kick to quiet the animal, he pulls back the bolt, and draws open the door, as he does so asking, "That you, Father Rogier?"

"Cest mot!" answers the priest, stepping in without invitation. "Ah! mon bracconier! you're having something nice for supper. Judging by the aroma ragout of hare. Hope I haven't disturbed you. Is it hare?"

"It was, your reverence, a bit of leveret."

"Was! You've finished then. Is it all gone?"

"It is. The dog had the remains of it, as ye see."

He points to the dish on the floor. 'I'm sorry at that—having rather a relish for veret. It can't be helped, however." 'I wish I'd known ye were comin'. Dang

'No, no! Don't blame the poor dumb brute. doubt, it too has a taste for hare, seeing half hound. I suppose leverets are plentijust now, and easily caught, since they can

no longer retreat to the standing corn?"
"Yes, your reverence. There be a good wheen 'In that case, if you should stumble upon ne, and bring it to my house, I'll have it gged for myself. By the way, what have you to in that black jack?"

It's brandy.

"Well, Monsieur Dick, I'll thank you for a

"Will you take it neat, or mixed wi' a drop Neat—raw. The night's that, and the two raws will neutralize one another. I feel chilled to the bones, and a little fatigued, toiling against

"It be a fearsome night. I wonder at your reverence bein' out—exposin' yourself in such

"All weathers are alike to me—when duty calls. Just now I'm abroad on a little matter of business that won't brook delay."

of business that won't brook delay."

"Business—wi' me?"

"With you, mon bracconier!"

"What may it be, your reverence?"

"Sit down, and I shall tell you. It's too important to be discussed standing."

The introductory dialogue does not tranquilize the poacher; instead, further intensifies his fears. Obedient, he takes his seat one side the table, the priest planting himself on the other, the glass of brandy within reach of his hand.

After a sip, he resumes speech with the remark:

"If I mistake not, you are a poor man, Moneur Dempsey?"
"You ain't no ways mistaken 'bout that, Fa-

"You ain't he way,"
ther Rogier."
"And you'd like to be a rich one?"
Thus encouraged, the poacher's face lights up a little. Smilingly he makes reply:
"I can't say as I'd have any particular objection. 'Stead, I'd like it wonderful well."
"You can be if so inclined."

"I can't say as I'd have any particular objection. 'Stead, I'd like it wonderful well."

"You can be, if so inclined."

"I'm ever so inclined, as I've sayed. But how, your reverence? In this hard work-o'-day world 'tain't so easy to get rich."

"For you, easy enough. No labor and not much more difficulty than transporting your coracle five or six miles across the meadows."

"Somethin' to do wi' the coracle, have it?"

"No; 'twill need a bigger boat—one that will carry three or four people. Do you know where you can borrow such, or hire it?"

"I think I do. I've a friend, the name o' Rob Trotter, who's got just sich a boat. He'd lend it me, sure."

"Charter it, if he doesn't. Never mind about the price. I'll pay."

"When might you want it, your reverence?"

"On Thursday night, at ten, or a little later—

"On Thursday night, at ten, or a little later—say half-past."

"And where am I to bring it?"

"To the Ferry; you'll have it against the bank by the back of the Chapel burying-ground, and keep it there till I come to you. Don't leave it to go up to the 'Harp,' or anywhere else; and don't let any one see either the boat or yourself, if you can possibly avoid it. As the nights are now dark at that hour, there need be no difficulty in your rowing up the river without being observed. Above all, you're to make no one the wiser of what you're to do, or anything I'm now saying to you. The service I want you for is one of a secret kind, and not to be prattled about."

about."

"May I have a hint o' what it is?"

"Not now; you shall know in good time—when you meet me with the boat. There will be another along with me—maybe two—to assist in the affair. What will be required of you is a little dexterity, such as you displayed on Saturday night."

No need the emphasis on the last words to impress their meaning upon the murderer. Too

oress their meaning upon the murderer. Too well he comprehends, starting in his chair as if thornet had stung him.
"How—where?" he gasps out in the confusion

The double interrogatory is but mechanical, and of no consequence. Hopeless any attempt at concealment or subterfuge; as he is aware on receiving the answer, cool and provokingly de-

receiving the answer, cool and provokingly deliberate:

"You have asked two questions, Monsieur Dick, that call for separate replies. To the first, 'How?' I leave you to grope out the answer for yourself, feeling pretty sure you'll find it. With the second I'll be more particular, if you wish me. Place—where a certain footplank bridges a certain brook, close to the farmhouse of Abergann, It—the plank, I mean—last Saturday night, a little after nine, took a fancy to go drifting down the Wye. Need I tell you who sent it, Richard Dempsey?"

The man thus interrogated looks more than confused—horrified, well-nigh crazed. Excitedly stretching out his hand, he clutches the bottle, half fills the tumbler with brandy, and drinks it down at a gulp. He almost wishes it were poison, and would instantly kill him!

Only after dashing the glass down does he make reply—sullenly, and in a hoarse, husky voice:

"I don't want to know one way or the other."

"I don't want to know, one way or the other. Curse the plank! What do I care?"
"You shouldn't blaspheme, Monsieur Dick. That's not becoming—above all, in the presence of your spiritual adviser. However, you're ex-

cited, as I see, which is in some sense an excus "I beg your reverence's pardon. I was a bit excited about something."

He has calmed down a little, at thought that

things may not be so bad for him after all. The priest's last words, with his manner, seem to promise secrecy. Still further quieted as the atter continues Never mind about what. We can talk of it

afterward. On Thursday night you shall have an opportunity to make some atonement. So, be there with the boat!" 'I will, your reverence; sure as my name's

Richard Dempsey."

Idle of him to be thus earnest in promising.
He can be trusted to come as if led in a string.
For he knows there is a halter around his neck

with one end of it in the hand of Father Rogier.
"Enough!" returns the priest. "If there be anything else I think of communicating to you anything else I time of communicating to you before Thursday I'll come again—to-morrow night. So be at home. Meanwhile, see to securing the boat. Don't let there be any failure about that, coute que coute. And let me again enjoin silence—not a word to any one, even your friend Rob. Verbum sapientibus; or, puticist it is work your vernealler. I mean teen a ting it in your own vernacular, I mean: keep a close mouth, if you don't wish to wear a necktie of material somewhat coarser than either silk or

of material somewhat coarser than either silk or cot on. You comprehend?"

To the priest's satanical humor the poacher answers, with a sickly smile:

"I do, Father Rogier; perfectly."

"That's sufficient. And now, mon bracconier, I must be gone. Before starting out, however, I'll trench a little further on your hospitality. Just another drop, to defend me from these chill equinoctials."

Saving which he leans toward the table,

Saying which he leans toward the table pours out a stoop of the brandy—best cognaction the "Harp" it is—then quaffing it officies bon soir! and takes departure.

ids bon soir! and takes departure.

Having accompanied him to the door, the oacher stands upon its threshold looking after, effecting upon what has passed, anything but leasantly. Never took he leave of a guest agreeable. True, things are not quite so ad as he might have expected, and had reason o anticipate. And yet they are bad enough. It is in the toils—the tough, strong meshes of he criminal net, which at any moment may be rawn tight and fast around him; and between oliceman and priest there is little to choose iceman and priest there is little to choose.

This own purposes the latter may allow him live; but it will be as the life of one who has

While thus gloomily cogitating he hears about, which but makes still more somber the sound, which but makes still more somber the of his thoughts. A voice comes pealing up the glen—a wild, wailing cry, as of some one in the extreme of distress. He can almost fancy it the shriek of a drowning woman. But his sars are too much accustomed to nocturnal sounds, and the voices of the woods, to be decived. That heard was only a little unusual by the whistling of the wind.

"Bah!" he exclaims, recognizing the voice of

"Bah!" he exclaims, recognizing the voice of the screech-owl, "it's only one o' the cursed brutes. What a fool fear makes a man!" brutes. What a fool fear makes a man!"
And with this be turns back into the house, rebolts the door and goes to his bed; not to sleep, but lie long aware—kept so by that same fear. CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE GAME OF PIQUE.

THE sun has gone down upon Gwen Wynn's natal day—its twenty-first anniversary—and Llangorren Court is in a blaze of light. For a rand entertainment is there being given—a | a heavier

The night is a dark one; but its darkness doe not interfere with the festivities; instead, hightens their splendor by giving effect to the illuminations. For although autumn, the weather ens their spiendor by giving effect to the fillminations. For although autumn, the weather
is still warm, and the grounds are illuminated.
Parti-colored lamps are placed at intervals
along the walks, and suspended in festoonery
from the trees, while the casement windows of
the house stand open, people passing in and out
of them as if they were doors. The drawingroom is this night devoted to dancing; its carpet taken up, the floor made as slippery as a
skating rink with beeswax—abominable custom! Though a large apartment, it does not
afford space for half the company to dance in;
and to remedy this, supplementary quadrilles
are arranged on the smooth turf outside—a
string and wind band from the neighboring
town making music loud enough for all.
Besides, all do not care for the delightful exercise. A sumptuous spread in the dining-room,
with wines at discretion, attracts a proportion
of the guests; while there are others who have
a fancy to go strolling about the lawn, even beyond the coruscation of the lamps; some who
do not think it too dark anywhere, but the
darker the better.

do not think it too dark anywhere, but the darker the better.

The elite of at least half the shire is present, and Miss Linton, who is still the hostess, reigns supreme in fine exuberance of spirits. Being the last entertainment at Llangorren over which she is officially to preside, one might imagine she would take things in a different way. But as she is to remain resident at the Court, with privileges but slightly, if at all, curtailed, she has no gloomy forecast of the future. Instead, on this night present she lives as in the past; almost fancies herself back at Cheltenham in its days of splendor, and dancing with the "first gentleman in Europe" redivivus. If her star be going down, it is going in glory, as the song of the swan is sweetest in its dying hour.

Strange, that on such a festive occasion, with its circumstances attendant, the old spinster, hitherto mistress of the mansion, should be hap-

its circumstances attendant, the old spinster, hitherto mistress of the mansion, should be happier than the younger one, hereafter to be! But in truth, so is it. Notwithstanding her great beauty and grand wealth—the latter no longer in prospective, but in actual possession—despite the gayety and grandeur surrounding her, the friendly greetings and warm congratulations received on all sides—Gwen Wynn is herself anything but gay. Instead, sad, almost to wretchedness! wretchedness!

to wretchedness!

And from the most trifling of causes, though not as by her estimated; little suspecting she has but herself to blame. It has arisen out of an episode, in love's history of common and very frequent occurrence—the game of piques. She and Captain Ryeeroft are playing it, with all the power and skill they can command. Not much of the last, for jealousy is but a clumsy fencer. Though accounted keen, it is often fencer. Though accounted keen, it is often blind as love itself; and were not both under its influence they would not fail to see through the flimsy deceptions they are mutually practicing on one another. In love with each other al-most to distraction, they are this night behav-ing as though they were the bitterest enemies, or at all events as friends sorely estranged.

ing as though they were the bitterest enemies, or at all events as friends sorely estranged. She began it; blamelessly, even with praise-worthy motive; which, known to him, no trouble could have come up between them. But when, touched with compassion for George Shenstone, she consented to dance with him several times consecutively, and in the intervals remained conversing—too familiarly, as Captain Ryecroft imagined—all this with an "engagement ring" on her finger, by himself placed upon it—not strange in him, thus flance, feeling a little jealous; no more that he should endeavor to make her the same. Strategy, old as hills, or hearts themselves.

In his attempt he is, unfortunately, too successful; finding the means near by—an assistant willing and ready to his hand. This in the person of Miss Powell; she also went to church on the Sunday before in Jack Wingate's boat—a young lady so attractive as to make it a nice point whether she or Gwen Wynn be the attraction of the evening.

Though only just introduced, the Hussar officer is not unknown to her by name, with some repute of his heroism besides. His appearance speaks for itself, making such impression upon the lady as to set her pencil at work inscribing his name on her card for several dances, round and square, in rapid succession.

And so between him and Gwen Wynn the jealous feeling, at first but slightly entertained, is nursed and fanned into a burning flame—the green-eyed monster growing bigger as the night gets later.

On both sides it reaches its maximum, when worth is condended and square, in rapid succession.

On both sides it reaches its maximum, when worth of the strategy not be in the roll of the roll of

gets later.

On both sides it reaches its maximum, when Miss Wynn, after a waltz, leaning on George Shenstone's arm, walks out into the grounds, and stops to talk with him in a retired, shadowy

Not far off is Captain Rvecroft observing them, but too far to hear the words passing be-tween. Were he near enough for this, it would terminate the strife raging in his breast, as the sham flirtation he is carrying on with Miss Powell—put an end to her new-sprung aspirations, if

she has any.

It does as much for the hopes of George Shenstone—long in abeyance, but this night rekindled and revived. Beguiled, first by his partner's amiability in so oft dancing with, then afterward using him as a foil, he little dreams that he is but being made a catspaw. Instead, drawing courage from the deception, emboldened as never before, he does what he never dared before—makes Gwen Wynn a proposal of marriage. He makes it without a circumlocution, He makes it without a circumlocution. at a single bound, as he would take a hedge upon

his hunter.

"Gwen! you know how I love you—would give my life for you! Will you be—" Only now he hesitates, as if his horse balked.

"Be what?" she asks, with no intention to help him over, but mechanically, her thoughts

She starts at the words, touched by his man way, yet pained by their appealing earnest ess, and the thought she must give denying re

And how is she to give it, with least pain to him? Perhaps the bluntest way will be the best. So thinking, she says:
"George, it can never be. Look at that!"
She holds out her left hand, sparkling with

geweis.
"At what?" he asks, not comprehending.
"That ring." She indicates a cluster of brilliants, on the fourth finger, by itself, adding the ord "Engaged."
"Oh, God!" he exclaims, almost in a groan

For a time there is silence; her answer less maddening than making him sad.

With a desperate effort to resign himself, he at length replies:

"Dear Gwen! for I must still call you—ever hold you so—my life hereafter will be as one who walks in darkness, waiting for death-ah.

Despair has its poetry, as love; oft exceeding the last in fervor of expression, and that of eorge Shenstone causes surprise to Gwen ynn, while still further paining her. So uch she knows not how to make rejoinder, and s glad when a fanfare of the band instrument rives note of another quadrille—the Lancers—

bout to begin.
Still engaged partners for the dance, but not be for life, they return to the drawing-room, nd join in it; he going through its figures with sad heart and many a sigh.

Nor is she less sorrowful, only more excited:

nigh unto madness, as she sees Captain Ryecroft vis-a-vis with Miss Powell; on his face an expres-sion of content, calm, almost cynical; hers radiant as with triumph.

In this moment of Gwen Wynn's supreme misery—acme of calous spite—were George

Shenstone to renew his proposal, she might pluck the betrothal ring from her finger, and give answer, "I will!"

It is not to be so, however weighty the consequence. In the horoscope of her life there is yet

(To be continued—commenced in No. 446.)

EUREKA! EXCELSIOR!

at last! THE YOUNG NEW YORKER: A Boys' Story Paper and World of Sport. LOOK OUT FOR IT!

A Respectable Paper for Young Americans.

The Old Hunter's First Love.

BY OLL COOMES.

We had stopped for noon on the banks of a little mountain stream. A few hours before we had passed through the little Spanish-American village of Conejos, where we had chanced to see one of the handsomest young Spanish senoritas

one of the handsomest young Spanish senoritas in the country. In fact, her pretty face and dark, liquid eyes seemed to have left an indelible impression upon the minds and hearts of some of our party. We all agreed upon her being beautiful, except our hunter-friend, Old Luke Kirk, who expressed an opposite opinion. "I'll tell ye what, boys," the old fellow said, "I didn't see anything so heavenly or adorable in that gal. The hull female fraternity hasn't any charms for me—I'm iron-clad, indifferent, stolid. I never loved but once, and when a man loves, as I loved, and loses, he ar'n't goin' to love ag'in."

"What!" exclaimed Ben Harden, "is it possible you have ever loved, Luke Kirk?"
"If it arn't so, I hope I may never noon this side o' the Jordan ag'in," replied the old hunter; "and while our hosses are grazin' I might as well tell ye all 'bout it. You see I found myself in the Sou'west when quite a youag man; and I had made several successful overland trips to Santa Fe as a guide to trains of emigrants and traders; and that, too, when the notorious robber and road-agent, Red Rupert, made the journey a dangerous one to prairie merchantmen. My head-quarters war then at a place called Donstead, and that I met Senorita Inez Donaldo—one o' the purtiest, sweetest little angels, so I thought, outside o' the celestial kingdom. Of course, I war young like you fellers then, and so I fell in love with her, and that desperately, too. Wal, I laid siege to her heart. I approached the citadel of my admiration with the caution of an old gineral. I soon began to feel that I'd die the death of the Holy Martyrs if I didn't capture the heart o' that sweet, adorable little cherubim.

"Oh! sich gal-orious dark eyes as she had, swimmin' in their halo o' enchantin' glory; and then thar war her sweet, musical voice, her rich, ripe lips, and her lovely form that was the grace of all graceful things that live, move and have a being! She wer'n't over seventeen or eighteen, the darlin'. She lived all alone with her father in a little adobe on the outskirts of the village.

"When I found I war alers welcome under What!" exclaimed Ben Harden, "is it pos

plied that she war surprised by my words—to think that sech a great, noble man as I, should love a worthless gal as she; but I pressed matlove a worthless gal as she; but I pressed matters—it war a ground-hog case—my heart war starvin'. Her tiny hand crept softly into my awkward fist, and her celestial head drapped for a moment on my breast. She wanted for me to think the matter over till we got to Santa Fe and mebby I'd change my mind; she talked 'bout her old father, 'bout her not bein' good enuff for me, and all sich darlin', sweet girlish things that made me love 'er all the more.

"But now, Luke,' she says, when we'd got thro' 'ith our love matters, 'I want you to grant me one favor.' 'I'll do it,' says I, 'or die.' She was so awfully afeard o' that dreadful Red Rupert, that she wanted me to take the train by

pert, that she wanted me to take the train by what war known as the Southern Route, so as to dodge ole Rupert who'd be sure to be hawk to dodge ole Rupert who'd be sure to be hawkin' it along the old route. Her request war
granted in a holy second, for I had jest made
up my mind to go that way, not only on 'count o'
its bein' a safer way, but a longer one, so that I
could be in her presence two days longer on the
road. Oh! but I had it bad, boys.

"Wal, away we went, finally. We war out
several days, and I war rejoicin' to myself how
slick I'd eluded Red Rupert; but alas! when I
war least expectin' any danger, at all, here

war least expectin' any danger, at all, here comes Rupert and his hull gang o' hellyons pourin' down upon us! Some way or other he'd got wind o' our route and 'd bounced us.

"We had to make the best we could o' the

cuation when we see'd 'em comin', and if ever en worked it war us fellers. We soon had our imals secured and our wagons drawn up in a llow square, and when ole Rupert came up we ve him a reception that sent him a-flukin' bendrifle-range. But I knowed him well enuff to now he weren't whooped. Night war comin', and I see'd we war in for it, right thar. We awed Señor Donaldo's cariole into the center complete from Merian. Thar wasn't a man in the train o wasn't willin', by this time, to die for that venly little girl, Inez. After we'd fust licked Red Rupert, the señ-

orita came to me and asked me if I thought we could beat the robbers, and I told her we

e could beat the robbers, and I told her we build, for her sake—that we war all ready to be deader'n Adam and Eve afore a hair o' her ead should be harmed.

"Night finally set in, and shortly after dark are come the robbers, reinforced by some redins, and sich yellin' and screamin' I don't beave Satan and his host could equal. We sened a deadly fire upon'em, but on they come ght up to the very wagons and into our very dist. Never was thar sich a fight in all Mexitation.

The camp war a perfect blaze of flashin'. o. The camp war a perfect blaze of flashin' runs and pistols. The earth ran red with sanguine blood. We fit hand-to-hand, the enemy

be a livin' torture, and for her to be in the power o' Red Rupert war wusser'n death itself. But I weren't the man to set down and pine away like a broken lily in the sun. I swore by the blue heavens above me to find my darlin' and to avenge the death of my friends, and slay a robber for every hair o' Inez's he'd that war harmed. For months I tore through the mountains like a madman in search o' Red Rupert. I plunged into every valley and probed every cavern on my way. I could neither eat, sleep nor rest. I war a sort o' Wanderin' Jew—doomed to wander on and on until my heart's idol had been found. Nothin', howsumever, was ever hearn o' Red Rupert after that fight. He lost so many men that I guess he changed his name and retired to some more genial clime.

"But out o' heart and weary o' life I finally drifted into Santa Fe nearer dead 'n alive. There I received a letter—the fust I ever got in my born days, for all I could read writin' like a perfessor. I broke the seal and glanced at the name at the bottom o' the letter. A cry was wrenched from my lips. It war signed 'Inez,' simply Inez, and nothin' more. Oh! great salvation! my heart leaped into my throat, but I swallered it back, rubbed my eyes and read as follers—I'll never forgit the exact words: be a livin' torture, and for her to be in the pow-

follers—I'll never forgit the exact words:

"'FRIEND LUKE:
"'As you failed, thank the Virgin, in killing Red
Rupert, I cannot be your wife, for I am already, and
have been for three years, the lawfully-wedded wife
of that gentleman. Adios. INEZ.'"

"Good conscience!" exclaimed one of our party, "then your angel had betrayed you into the hands of the robbers?"

"Exactly," responded Luke, "the everlastin, owdacious, desateful, black-eyed minx had led me right into the very trap ole Rupert had prepared for that train. And now, do you wonder at me being cured of love? I tell you what thar's no tellin' whose wife you may be talkin' to in this kentry, and, as it's hard tellin' an angel from a demoness in these diggin's, I'd advise cel from a demoness in these diggin's, I'd advise to save yer gush and adorables, and let's nount and be movin."

And taking the old man's advice we were soon nounted and moving mountainward.

Fashion Notes.

BANGLES are not discarded by any means. The newest are Egyptian in design, and have all sorts of curious things dangling from the

The prevailing style of short walking dresses gives to the ladies anything but a graceful ap-Ladies who have sealskin sacques on hand in-

ignantly deny the report that those garments re going out of fashion. In times like these rhatever you have in the camphor chest is fashonable.

Brocades of all kinds are in high favor. Anything in that line possessed by your grandmother fifty years ago will be found to be "just the thing." This may be an important fact to

ear in mind.

Feathers play the usual part in autumn fashons, those of two or three shades of the same olor being, as we understand it, the most wired

rized.

The English "beef-eater" hat carries all beore it, and the majority of Murray Hill demoielles walk under it. There is something very acy about it, and very rare, too. Perhaps it is

racy about it, and very rare, too. Perhaps it is the beef part!

Rich black silk costumes are, after all, the handsomest and most genteel. They are always elegant and dressy, and, except on a few occasigns, appropriate attire.

Velveteen seems to have received a figurative black eye from the ultra-fashionables, who now regard that material as suitable only for housemaids and retired cooks. The housemaids and retired cooks. The housemaids and cooks have yet to be heard from.

Opera bonnets are the acme of elegance—light, airy, frail, and altogether charming. They have no particular shape, and those that look as if they had been sat on are especially fashionable.

Narrow skirts prevail. Our girls of the period cannot run, are unable to take long strides, and

cannot run, are unable to take long strides, and sit down with difficulty. The inconvenience and liscomforts of being fashionable have never

been adequately described.

There is nothing especially new or startling in the fur line. Silver fox will hold its own, and chinchilla is not to be discounted. Fur trim-

ming is not obsolete, and ladies need not make haste to rip it off last year's sacque. At the present time there seem to be about thirty-five hundred different styles of arranging

flax braids of ten years ago. Ulsters for ladies are displayed in the empori-ums patronized by the fair sex, and do not dif-fer materially from those manufactured for the

alleged lords of creation.

Invisible plaids are enumerated among the favorite dress fabrics of the day, and those who have the material for sale say that no lady's wardrobe should be without one plaid dress.

Moscow lace—which is all the rage abroad—is beauty carries and of a bluish line and looks as

heavy, coarse, and of a bluish hue, and looks as if made by a spider that had eaten something to disagree with it. It is very expensive, and will probably continue to be until imitated. Basque waists are more in favor than ever, and the coat sleeve likewise, although what is known as the "leg of mutton" sleeve has again

made its appearance.

There is not much of the new autumn bonnet, but what there is of it is "awfully jaunty, you know," and, according to high authority, gives the wearer the most "cute" and cunning appearance imaginable. This, however, does not apply to old girls.

Kelt plaited skirts are seen considerably, and no one would believe they are going out of style even if we said so. The only thing economical folks have against kelt skirts, is the quantity of material they take.

Antique ornaments are fashionable, and people just from "Paree" exhibit a great variety. Fall outer garments will be made of black façonné, cashmere, cloth or silk façonné, and are to be very long.

The mantelet-visite of black cachemire de The mantelet-visite of black cachemite de l'Inde or grós grain silk will be worn until the very cold weather sets in. It is trimmed with five or seven rows of "dentelles de Paris" and passementerie insertions.

Among the new designs in woolen goods are many different kinds of plaid. Bronze is a favorite grounding, enlivened with red threads. Tartan is also made. The different shades of green already in use last winter, such as myrtle green and moss green, will remain in favor. Scotch plaids with threads of old gold color, and bight alother in groul leners are also in use. and light cloths in small checks are also in use. Among the warmest materials is ribbed velvet, with silk threads in light shades between each rib. These velvets come in all shades, but the rib. These velvets come if an shades, but the favorite ones will be brouze, reddish and greenish shades. Visiting suits are to be made of this velvet. Many toilets are making of "lampas broché" and black matelassé. These are very well suited to slender figures. With these dark toilets bright colored flowers may be worn on the statistical in the heir. Handsome old laces. the waist and in the hair. Handsome old laces are also a great improvement for the neck and sleeve trimmings. The effect of old point lace

are also a great improvement for the facts are also a great improvement. The third is seleve trimmings. The effect of old point lace is very beautiful when it falls from the folds of these rich dark materials.

Suits made of pocket handkerchiefs continue in fashion. It requires forty-five handkerchiefs to make a dress. The borderings, if properly arranged, give the suit a peculiar and stylish appearance. Some dressmakers have attempted us, and we gathered around Donaldo's cariole and fit like human tigers. The struggle became a surerbuman struggle. It was awful, awful, terribue! I ope I may never live to see another sich a carnage. The by one my comrades fell, and at last we the remained alive were forced to yield to the overwhelmin' odds of the foe. We were defeated and Red Rupert had not only captured the train, but the fairy Inez, also.

"But three o' us escaped from that death-struggle; and I were really sorry I and Inez weren't slain, too, for to live without her would be really sorry I and Inez weren't slain, too, for to live without her would be really sorry I and Inez weren't slain, too, for to live without her would be really sorry I and Inez weren't slain, too, for to live without her would be really sorry I and Inez weren't slain, too, for to live without her would be really sorry I and Inez weren't slain, too, for to live without her would be really sorry I and Inez weren't slain, too, for to live without her would be really sorry I and Inez weren't slain, too, for to live without her would be really sorry I and Inez weren't slain, too, for to live without her would be really sorry I and Inez weren't slain, too, for to live without her would be really sorry I and Inez weren't slain, too, for to live without her would be really sorry I and Inez weren't slain, too, for to live without her would be really sorry I and Inez were slave these dresses without the borderings, as the latter are very difficult to arrange properly, but the attempt has proved a perfect failure. The two most suitable ways of making these dresses are in "plastrontablier" style, plaited lengthwise, and crossed by striped bands. The back is raised over a false skirt. The second over the slave attempted to make these dresses without the borderings, as the latter are very difficult to arrange properly, but the attempt has proved a perfect failure. The two most suitable ways of making these dresses without the borderings, as the latter are very difficult to arrange p

E--- CUANTURDAY LOWRINAU. -E---



Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

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A Sparkling Sea Story

By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.

A splendid Sea and Ocean Romance-of the Atlantic and Mediterranean-strikingly novel and original—the best and most elaborate production of this popular writer-a sailor Monte Cristo-glowing with pictures of ship and buccaneer life, and alive with the elements of a most strange and romantic love life:—a serial to treasure for more than one reading.

Albert W. Aiken's New Romance! The Fresh of Fr'isco:

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A Tale of the Gold Gulch.

Soon to be given, is something sure to attract notice-in Mr. Aiken's happiest vein and as full of interest, excitement and novelty as a California miner is full of fun, fight and passion. Look out for it!

A VERY ATTRACTIVE PAPER!

The SATURDAY JOURNAL certainly is very brilliant, strong and popular. No weekly can be more so. It never could be said that the paper was otherwise than attractive and brilliant; but, as each year has steadily added to its strength of authorship we may now claim that no story paper and family weekly ever published in this country has equaled the Jour-NAL in popular interest or particular merit. For the coming fall and winter we have an especially charming array of good things to present our readers, and several specialties that wil immensely please. We therefore ask all our friends to speak that good word for their Favorite which will send it into new hands and homes, and thus widen the circle of those who look to the SATURDAY JOURNAL for their chief source of literary entertainment.

"EUREKA!"

That there is not only room for but actual need of a Good Boys' Paper no observant person will deny.

That a paper appealing to the better class of Our Boys and Young Men will be given a hearty welcome we have good reason to be-

That all parents and guardians who are anxious about what their boys read will feel ship. great satisfaction in the introduction of a Boys' paper that is unexceptionably pure in tone good in matter and inspiring to all healthful minds and bodies, and that such a paper will meet with favor, we cannot doubt.

Hence, in view of this, the publishers of the New York SATURDAY JOURNAL (as will be seen by announcement on the 8th page) have arranged to answer the need and to bring all their unequaled resources to bear in the production of a Boys' Weekly that respectable readers and patrons will heartily approve and liberally sustain.

Sunshine Papers.

The Why It Should Be So.

THE desire to be pretty is a ruling passion with women. To possess a fine figure, bloom ing complexion, abundant hair, bright eyes thick brows and long lashes, red lips and spot less skin, and dainty hands and feet, many young ladies deem the most desirable objects in life. If a girl is pretty she imagines that she will fall heir to every other good—that she will have the world at her feet; that she will be admired, complimented, courted, loved; that women will envy her, men will rave over her, and she will make a brilliant match, choosing the most devoted, handsome and wealthy of husbands from among at least several scores of suitors. It matters not how often you insist that "beauty is but skin deep," or observe that "handsome is who handsome does," or suggest that

"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll; Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul" what pretty woman will be convinced that the

in the power of her charms can fade away un-realized? That beauty is a "fatal gift?" That it is but a "frail and weary weed in which God dresses the soul, which he has called into time?" That a fair face is of infinite less value than a well cultivated mind and gentle, gracious manners? Has she not noticed how unfailingly men admire a handsome form and pretty features?—how potent is the influence wielded by fair women?

And so she and all her sisterhood continue to sigh for beauty, and to ask for recipes for whitening the skin, and brightening the eyes, and improving the figure, despite Byron's warning and Michael Angelo's supreme contempt, and the simple but unadulterated philosophy of the homely old saws. And, after all, the dear young ladies make a mistake. Not a mistake in endeavoring to render themselves as beautiful and perfect, physically, as it is possible to be, but in the incentive force rompting these endeavors and the supposition that all mankind are as much slaves to femi nine beauty as their excessive praise of it would seem to indicate

Beauty, whether it is in a picture, or a human face, appeals pleasantly to every eye, and is a source of delight to every heart. Love for the beautiful is implanted in every soul, and there is not a human being so brutish as to be quite insensible to its influence; women, them-selves, are peculiarly sensitive to the power of beauty, even in a rival's form or features, though contemptible jealousies and hatred may seal their lips concerning it; is it strange, then, that men of coarser clay, and rougher mold, and unbiased by mean prejudices and degrad-ing envy, should as fully express their admiration of a starry sparkle in a lady's eye, or a rose-tint blooming in her cheek, or the perfect curves and outlines of her form, as of the shining globes of night, the queen-flower of the gar-den, or the fairest marble fancy evolved by sculptor's chisel? However much men may praise feminine beauty, let girls not make the mistake of deeming them incapable of appreciating domestic virtues, attractive manners, conversational abilities, and intellectual culture. While an occasional masculine may be so foolish as to allow himself to marry a pretty face, only to learn that prettiness is of little acount unsustained by other attributes, the majority of them only desire beauty in connec on with more lasting recommendations.

Neither Mr. Editor, (I am sure I may anwer for him) nor I, condemn girls for desiring o have bright eyes, lovely hair, charming complexions, but for seeking through these, selfish, vain, and ignotle ends—to excite envy, to exert cruel power, to gain adulation and flattery, to effect a convenient marriage. Woman should be beautiful. It is one of her divine rights. That any of God's creatures inheriting His image, are ugly, is the result of defiance of laws of morality and of nature. And women should aim to make their faces and forms as lovely as possible just as they should aim to be as in telligent and agreeable as possible. Physical culture and mental culture should go hand in

Said a lady to me, recently-a lady of good family, of refinement, intelligence, and culture—"I think there is no gift I so desire as beauty. Every one admires pretty women, and instinct Every one admires pretty women, and insunc-tively likes them. A pretty woman is sure to make friends, and be loved." To a degree this is certainly true. Beautiful women are as much a source of pleasure as beautiful paintings; moreover, they may exert wondrous influence for good, if they will. "For there is something irresistible in a beauteous form; the most severe will not pretend that they do not feel an immediate prepossession in favor of the handsome. No one denies them the privilege of being first heard, and being regarded before thers in matters of ordinary consideration.

"Know'st not
That beauty will take cold? will have the toothache?
Will catch a fever? That its peachy cheek
Will canker in a night? and that, in brief,
It is a thing in value vanishing,
As fickle merchandise which rates to-day

Enormously—the next may go a-begging? And, worse than all, that its chief merit lies In wishing, not possessing; coveted, Of purchase measureless—obtained, worth noth-ing."

So beauty should not be sought alone, no valued too highly; remember what a writer of noble rank has said: "Beauty is a dangerous property, soon losing its influence over the husband. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. Love, like fire, the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished." And Raleigh's pithy declaration: "Remember if thou marry beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all;" and seek to be loved with that higher order of passion which demands the better satisfying food or kindly disposition, agreeable manners, solid accomplishments, and intellectual companion-A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

UNWRITTEN LIVES.

IF every one were to write out their life histories, what an insight we should get into the struggles and successes of private individuals! Little incidents, which seem trifling in themselves but when massed together would give us many a life lesson, point out to us which road to take and which path to avoid, y reading of those who have traveled over

A lady friend of mine, a good worker in many good causes, and one who has, by word and deed, encouraged others to succeed, because she knows that success depends on this encouragement, could tell many tales of depritled against every discouragement, and she

fairy visions she has founded upon her belief all of sadness, so much of grief has been crowd- memory, and when he borrows my ax he never ed into it; but with such sweet resignation does she bear her ills as would shame those who complain without a cause. I often think such and he knows just as much about it almost as cases are placed before us to show how much he did before or since. I think he will mainmisery we are spared, and to make us the more fully appreciate the blessings which are given It calls to mind a remark once made to me by one of my young friends, well worthy of being repeated here:

"Is it not strange that so much trouble and sorrow should be the lot of some, while the crosses of others are so light they scarcely feel kicked it within his reach and he ate it, and in their weight?" I think it is. But, mark the half an hour I was greatly in need of a new difference between one whose life has been all sunshine and one who has endured trials and suffered much. What a wide contrast! God does not permit us to bear these troubles to no purpose, for, I believe, we are truly better and wiser for having passed through them.

Bear well, then, thy sorrow; 'twill not be in vain; Golden the sunset after the rain! Look up in your sadness to Heaven above; Bright the to-morrow; trust in God's love."

Who can too much praise the self-sacrificing lives, those who wear themselves out in the service of others and in doing good for those who never have so much as a "thank you" in return? I knew just such a personage once. To be sure she was homely in face, awkward in figure, dull in conversation and not brilliant in her ideas, but she possessed a good and honest heart, was willing to toil and drudge to make others happier and their lot smoother. She only wanted a few kind words and those were denied her. It was easy enough to blame her for her errors, but so hard to praise her when she needed and deserved that praise. She was unappreciated and unloved until death came to her release. Then her relatives stood over her coffin and only realized the worth of the treasure when it was taken from them.

"Oh! how we miss her," they exclaimed she would have laid down her life for us." And she had laid down her life for them; she had actually worn herself out for them, and might have made her life path happier

had they but been more thoughtful.

It is not only the lives of the great that should be written and yet it is, for are not the good always great? It seems to me so, and these lives are always written, if not on pershable paper or on marble, even in the great book of Life, and penned by angels' hands We think these lives so uneventful becaus their deeds are not paraded forth in the glare of day; we think these deeds of no value be cause they are "so humble," but we never stop to think whether or no our deeds-so few, when taken altogether-are even as acceptable in the Creator's eyes as those of the most hum-EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Remarkable Family.

I REMEMBER in my youth of frequently hear ng of a certain family by the name of -ofell, I can't see how it should escape me so Oh, yes, it was S-Smith. Smith was the name but I have long since come to the conclusion that the family had died out, or all gone West to grow up with the country so far that they were lost sight of. Smith! Yes, that is the name. I remember that at that time there were a great many of them. I have been much grieved over the extinction of the family and was on the point of growing desponder when lately a family by the name of-name o Smith moved into the house next to ours, and I felt much relieved to find such a living rem nant of that long-lost family.

There are only nine children in it, and I am proud to say that the—the Smith family is destined to rise and regain its lost supremacy, or they claim that one of Noah's sons was a Smith, but whether it was Hem, Sham or To phet I can't tell. These children are all remarkable, and evince talents of the highest or-der, and if they continue to grow up and improve they will be an honor to the sex of

The oldest boy, aged seventeen, has a great endency toward the higher branchesear and apple tree, where I frequently dis over him deeply engaged in his favorite pur-He is rapidly learning—which trees bear he best fruit, though really I am forced to obect to bearing the expenses of his education. He is great on putting down facts-and fruit enerally about a peck at a sitting-I mean limbing, and as a mathematician has few equals; he can calculate to a minute almos ust the time when I will come home, and seldom fails. He is greatly filial in his affections and lives on the interest of the old man, whom he would not leave even if it was to go to work and earn his own living. He is very scientific and experimental, and is deeply engaged in trying to find out whether it is as injurious as some people say to sleep so long in the morn ng, or to eat more than you need though not as much as you want. He intends, when he gets older, to publish his opinions in book form. He has a great taste for the pure and the good-in the line of something to eat, and shows great precocity in mastering the good, bad and indifferent languages, and will soon graduate. You cannot say that he is a slow young man by any means; a little acquaintance will convince you readily that he is quite fast, and with all his talents and genius I am certain in saying that if he keeps on in the way he is

going, he will some day get there. The next one is a boy somewhat older than his father but nominally about fifteen. He evinces a decided talent for geology or the cience of rocks, and is evidently studying for a Yale professorship. He gathers rocks and pelts my pigs with the most studious assiduity He also exhibits an energetic propensity to collect antiquities, and will, before long, be an an-

forgets to forget to bring it back. At school all he has to do is to read his lesson over once tain the glory of the-the Smiths as a great chemist, as he is always making tests with chemicals. Only the other day I heard my watch-dog barking and whining, and saw him reaching to the end of his chain after some I went to see what was the matter and saw he was after a piece of fresh meat. kicked it within his reach and he ate it, and in dog. I found that this young Smith had been testing the sedative powers of a certain drug.

I think he will make a great man in his line. The next is a boy of ten years of age who will spread the name of the family over the world as a navigator and be as famous as Americus Columbus. He is always in the gutter, and his propensity for mud and water is very remarkable; and in the gutter he can al-ready manage a shingle as well as a captain can manage a man-of war. He will fight his way through all obstacles through this world and make the name of—of Smith a synonym of power. He already licks my little boy every day of the week, and does it to perfection; this, with his nautical talent, I think I am safe in saying that I could bet the last cent I haven't got on it that he will be a great naval commander by the name of—of Smith.

Then comes a girl of eight who will be a great artist if nothing prevents to the contrary notwithstanding. She has a decided taste for pictures, and actually tears them out of her books to chew them up for the benefit of her palette, and with a blacking-brush and the box of blacking she touched up lately all the family pictures so perfectly that you could almost tell who was which, or which was which

The next is a boy of five but he yells all day like forty and screams like sixty. His voice will be recognized when he is a man. Everything about her manner is girlish and his tac tics are at heart the boy's who will eventually develop into the man's, and if she grows and nothing comes to prevent him from arriving at his high destiny I think that she will—or he will—or she— Let us pause. I think I am getting things a little mixed—but the child is a—a Smith nevertheless, and that's enough.

The next is a boy of three. If he lives he is destined to become a man, and if he continues he will be a great help to the provision trade, and our exportations to England will materially fall off. He will be a great patriot, and alleged his crystor Freedynia way led eady his cry for Freedom is very loud in the land of his birth. His tendency is not to rise, but rather to go down, as he is always tumbling. The dirt which he wears on his face is

not natural; you must not think it.

The last one is the baby, who— But I must stop since it has begun. Were you here you would need no description of it.

The Smith family is not extincted by any

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

EUREKA! EXCELSIOR!

A Respectable Paper for Young Americans, at last!

THE YOUNG NEW YORKER: A Boys' Story Paper and World of Sport. LOOK OUT FOR IT!

Topics of the Time.

—Peter Cooper is eighty-eight, and as fresh as if only turning the quarter pole. He has been a hatter, coach-maker, grocer, glue-maker, philanthropist, and Presidential candi-

—Jesse Pomeroy, the Massachusetts boy murderer, is fortunately still in State Prison. Recently, when some one gave him a kitten sides of his cell for escape have also been

-Capt. Tyson, just returned from his cruise on high latitudes, doubts the existence of an open Polar Sea. He says it is impossible for it to exist in a land which has no sun six months in the year, and where the cold is so intense as it is in the vicinity of the Pole. He says there may be water there, but believes it is choked with impanes masses of factions in with immense masses of floating ice.

—The champion rabbit-slayer of Connecticut lives in Putnam. A careful estimate of the number killed, running over a period of twenty odd years, foots up over sixteen thousand. The best half-day's work was in '74, when sixty-five fell victims to the unerring aim of a well-trained and sure-shooting ferret. Rifles and shotguns are at a discount in Connecticut, where they make them. Ferrets do the hunting there, make them. Ferrets do the hunting there, while the hunter sits on a log and eats pumpkin

—A French scientist describes a simple way of seeing stereoscopic pictures without the use of lenses, and without any straining of the eyes. The two pictures are to be mounted with an interval between them of about an inch and a half. Then by means of a partition between the pictures and the eye, on the ordinary skeleton stereoscope the two parts are so separated that the right eye shall see only the right picture and the left eye the left picture. When this is done the two pictures will combine just as easily as with an ordinary stereoscope.

—It is not long since several cases of assenced. -A French scientist describes a simple way

—It is not long since several cases of arsenical poisoning were traced to the wearing of scarlet and blue stockings. Next came a case in which the mischief was traced to a highly-colored hatthe mischief was traced to a highly-colored hatlining. More recently English and German papers have called attention to dangerous gloves.
In The London Times a writer describes the
poisonous effect of a pair of the fashionable
"bronze green" silk gloves, when worn by a
member of his family. A German medical
journal reports a case of serious poisoning by a
pair of navy-blue kids. Dress goods of woolen,
silk and cotton have been found to contain arsenic in dangerous quantities; so also gentlemen's underclothing, socks, hat-linings and the
linings of boots and shoes.

—A European Christian has been converted.

eaues she knows that success dependent, on the concurrent, could tell many tales of deprivations of her early life, when she and the "Great West" were both your she was accused of the both of or him.

The next is a girl of any-thous kins. Dress goods of woolength that the collects rare antiques in the happe of old cans, old bones, old hoop-skirts, the happe of old cans, old bones, old hoop-skirts, the happe of old cans, old bones, old hoop-skirts, and I him you how manuscript was written with be mumbed fingers, and when her trickies were complete she had to write weeks even she could succeed if she food of him.

The next is a girl of about fourteen short wastern to more your deforts, when the deposits all such curiosities, and I him that one of these days if he keeps on the same; how she was accused of the told of him.

The next is a girl of about fourteen short wastern to more your state of the postage on the same; how she was accused of the told of him.

The next is a girl of about fourteen short wastern to more your state of the work of the bright state of the work of the bright state of the wery luipsets of the postage on the same; how she did accessed at last and how many conforts, she was enabled to get by her pen and brain, she had a construction of the highest order; in the postage of the shift was a stand how many conforts, was the postage of the shift was a stand how many conforts, was the postage of the shift was a stand how many conforts, was the postage of the shift was a stand how many conforts, was the postage of the shift wa

Readers and Contributors

Accepted: "Hatred;" "A Tale of Two Cities;" A Damsel in Distress;" "St. Ermine's Wager;" 'Mother Sargeant's New Hired Girl;" "Little bueen Bess;" "Gussie's Happy Escape;" "Dreamng;" "That Horrid Dinner; "The End of Old sush;" "A Tent in Paradise;" "My Week Out;" Mason-Free."

"Mason-Free."

Declined: "The Scholar;" "Ode to Custer;"
"Aunt M's Spinning Bee;" "A Spool of Silk;" "The
Unwelcome Gift;" "Annie's Wedding Day; "The
Fatal Denial;" "A Good Injun;" "The New Gospel of Deceit;" "A Runaway Match;" "Speaking
Off-Hand;" "Why Will She Not?" "Rose-Grief."

To writers for the press again we say never use pale ink, under any pretext; it makes abominable

E.C. The "Ode" is declined because we have had quite enough poems on that theme. The sketch is rather orude. Custer's remains are buried at West Point.

THEO D. R. The list you ask for would occupy at least half of this column and be of no interest whatever to the general reader. Go to some library and consult the Almanach de Gotha for 1877.

consult the Almanach de Gotha for 1877.

Cartoucher. We have several times answered about rifles. See a recent number. The "Spencer" is not now made, we believe. Deer-hunting is a winter business in Canada, Maine, and to some extent in the "Northern Woods" of New York.

W. M. If the banker's advances are honest accept them. It is your own affair. Let your "old flame" be among the things of the past, since he was weak enough to give you up. As to the good friend keep him such and prove your regard in some convincing manner.

Inez. Writers are not "unnecessarily humiliated" by editors. With editors, of necessity, the selection of matter is purely a business affair, in which they alone are the judges of what they want; for authors to bristle up at a rejection, or to feel humiliated at a non-use of their contributions is both foolish and unjust.

rincing manner.

Ben Acton. There is no possible chance for an ap ointment to West Point unless you have political or personal influence. There are always ten applicants for one vacancy, and that lad usually secures it who brings to bear the most influence on his Congressman, who has the naming of the candi-

Z. N. E. We do not know if the actress named is arried or single. As almost every theatrical lady has a malden stage-name it is presumable that this parti ular actress is a married woman. Don't fall in love with these stage stars; it is very dangerous to be confronted by the "other man" who has a prior lien on the star, as husband and proprietor.

prior lien on the star, as husband and proprietor.

"Sweets," Kingsbridge. Here is the recipe for the
toilet-water. Take of attar of roses, three drachms;
attar of bergamot, eight drachms; attar of lemon,
two drachms; simple extract of musk, two ounces;
extract of orris root, eight ounces; cologne spirits,
eight pints; rose-water, one pint. Mix the oils, extracts and spirits, and add the rose-water. Shake
the mixture well, and after it has stood a few days
filter it through filtering-paper. To dilute this use
three parts of cologne spirits to one of water.

"OFFENDED" writes: "What is your opinion of

three parts of cologne spirits to one of water.

"OFFENDED" writes: "What is your opinion of two persons, calling themselves gentlemen, taking out their pocket-knives and cleaning and trimming their nails in the presence of two ladies—the four having met to confer regarding some business?"—We think the "persons" forgot that they had left the privacy of their dressing-rooms. Cleaning and trimming the nails are necessary parts of one's toilet, and should be attended to daily, but never in public; always in one's own private apartment.

LOTTICE. Furs are always fashionable, and of course will be so this winter. If the muff is small it can readily be made larger. No one will know that it has been used for two years if it is thus rejuvenated. Of the two suits we should say the gray was the nost becoming. Your other questions are pretty fully answered by Fashion Notes given elsewhere. Thank you for your interest in the paper. If each one of our young lady friends would do as you propose our list would receive a great accession.

you propose our list would receive a great accession.

Henry Ken. Many a boy now has to pay for the privilege of learning a trade. One engraver in New York charges \$1,000 to teach a boy until he can engrave nicely. If you have strength, and a "turn" for tools and construction we would advise the carpenter's trade, as a trade; or, if you prefer a profession, be a dentist. A good dentist is pretty sure to make money and has an excellent social position. Don't go out evenings to run the rounds of city follies. That is the ruin of many a nice boy. Let your sister be your "company" and confidant, for two years to come, at least.

Essie Tompkins writes: "Will you tell me at what particular times etiquette demands that a lady call upon her lady acquaintances, aside from in return for calls made?"—You should make calls of "condolence" upon your acquaintances, when they have had a death in the family, or have met with any trouble or disaster; calls of "congratulation" after a birth, recovery from illness, marriage of one of the family, or any other joyful event; calls of "leave-taking" when about to go on a long journey or to live elsewhere; calls of compliment and inquiry upon a lady who has recently entertained you at a party; calls upon a stranger recently moved into the neighborhood.

Ellsworth S. writes: "Do you think it is wrong

moved into the neighborhood.

Ellsworth S. writes: "Do you think it is wrong or dangerous for cousins to marry? I love my cousin and she is willing to become my wife; but our parents feel so badly at the prospect of our marrying that we are very unhappy and do not know what to do,"—We do not think it wrong for cousins to marry, and the old theory that such marriages bring about disastrous physiological results has been thoroughly exploded. Royal families marry and inter-marry; the Rothschilds of Europe marry their very near relations with the same result that is attained by the breeders of famous strains of horses—all the finest characteristics of the family are perpetuated and improved upon. It is now conceded that for near relatives to marry is to better rather than deteriorate a race. If your parents will make a study of this matter we think any scruples they have in that line may be overruled. If their dislike to your marriage arises from other and serious causes you should consider them well before you oppose their wishes. We think if your love for your cousin, and hers for you, is of the faithful, patient kind, the time will come when you may be happily married.

Dolly Harrison. There is nothing that conduces

Dolly Harrison. There is nothing that conduces so much to the comfort and elegance of a house as curtains—curtains at the windows, curtains at the doors, and curtains in the place of doors. Because your house is small and old-fashioned need not prevent you from furnishing it in the most artistic and elegant manner. To have a home of one's very own is an unfailing delight, and the fact that it cost you nothing will enable you to expend more money in beautifying it within and without. The dotted suisse curtains are delightful for summer, but heavier ones are preferable for winter. However, as it is now fashionable to have suisse curtains lined with a color, you can hang them with gay, heavy ones at the back. Worsted or raw silk upholstery goods you need for your curtains. Choose colors to correspond with the paint, paper and furniture of your rooms. If the curtains are of solid colors, trim with gay borders. Fluted ruffles are a pretty bordering. The most stylish way of hanging curtains, at present, is by large rings of ebony, brass, or some metal, slipped upon round bars of wood or metal. Curtains hung in front of the doors will render the rooms elegant and warm. You can, also, add to the effect of your rooms by taking down the doors between them, wherever it is possible, and using curtains only. Lambrequins hung above these are handsome if you prefer them to having all tars. Ribbons tied in Lows with long ends are the newest style of band for drapery. DOLLY HARRISON. There is nothing that conduces

THE ROSE AND THE DAISY.

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."—Proverbs, xvi. 18.

In the pride of its beauty looked over the hedge, and saw a poor daisy half cover'd by hay, And declining beneath a great burden of sedge.

And thus, to the daisy, the beautiful rose:
"Decoration is thine, in the lowest degree.
But, Nature, by means of comparison, shows
Eer astonishing skill as developed in me.

"In solitude, poor and despisable thing, I behold thy contemptible figure decay, While sweetness and beauty and liberty bring Pretty bees in my company, day after day.

"The butterfly often caresses me, too,
And educes the nectar my bosom contains,
While lovely Aurora considers the dew
That she finds in my chalice the sweetest she

"And even you delicate lily's perfume
Is inferior to mine, in Miss Fanny's esteem,
And can there be found a more elegant bloom
In a garden of earth, or poetical dream?"

"Thy darling endowments are, possibly, rare, And might claim admiration did Modesty shine, But, little laudation can fall to their shere, When supported by Pride and Presumption like

"Of self I am always unwilling to speak, And I shun observation as much as I can, Nor vain adulation from others I seek, Tho' indeed I am pleasing to Nature and man. "Unplanted, I deck the green valley and hill, Where infirmity, childhood and age can obtain A sight of my snowy and delicate frill And this yellow complexion you view with dis-

And when the poor body lies under the sod, And the nearest and dearest have fled from the tomb, That I shall remain is the mandate of God, And right eager am I to submit to my doom

'But, who, in Mortality's annals, can find That a rose went to work and adorned the grave, Without a rough driver, to goad her, behind, That her work might be done with the will of the

"And if you have beauty, I earnestly pray
That some wisdom and kindness be added thereto,
Whereby you may always be prompted to say
Better words of poor creatures, less gifted than

But see the rude blast, in its anger, appears, And attacks, as he passes, the insolent rose, And scatters her petals, with pitlless jeers, While the daisy remains in her humble repose,

Two Women's Faces.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

St. Cyr laid down the cabinet-photograph he had been intently studying for a couple of minutes, and took up his cigar, lighted it, then looked across the table at Rolland, half laugh-

ing as he spoke.
"Waiting for the verdict, eh? You asked my "Waiting for the verdict, eh? You asked my honest opinion of the picture, you know, and you mustn't want to annihilate me because I can't see in her face the beauty you've raved about until—well, perhaps I expected too much, but at all events this Miss Forrest of yours can't begin to compare with her cousin, that sweet, lovely, little blue-eyed creature, you know."

Rolland received his precious picture back with a look of pitiful contempt on his face that St. Cyr could be so blind, so misguided, or so willful as not to see in Jessie Forrest's face all the sweetness, and beauty, and intellect so plainly visible to himself and everybody else, except St. Cyr.

plainly visible to himself and everybody else, except St. Cyr.

"Tastes do differ, don't they?" he said, coolly, "but I cannot imagine how Miss Forres.'s picture can fail to please the most critical eye. Such sparkle and softness as there are in her beautiful dark eyes, and such freshness and health in her clear, fair complexion, and such distracting dimples, and exquisite teeth, and—" St. Cyr interrupted him with a melodious little laugh.

tle laugh.

"Hugh! you're over head and ears already! I'll admit Miss Forrest is gracious and charming, because I have no doubt she is, but I don't admire brunettes, like Miss Forrest, and I do adore blondes, like—this."

He deliberately took a dainty little case from his big note-book, and laid on the table-cover the cabinet-picture of a dazzlingly fair, charmingly pretty girl, with great luxuriant masses of sun-bright hair and wide-open, laughing blue

of sun-bright hair and wide-open, laughing blue eyes, a decidedly pretty girl. Rolland shrugged his shoulders suggestively. "Oh, yes—nice-looking little thing—rather in-sipid and characteriess, isn't she?—nicish-look properties admires blundes. I dare ing girl for any one who admires blondes, I dare

say. Who may she be, Victor?"

St. Cyr slowly replaced the picture.

"That is Miss Fay Courtenay, cousin to your friend, Miss Forrest. And, Rolland, I believe I'm in love with her."

"And I know I'm in love with Jessie! Victor, what a good thing tastes differ—only—and

what a good thing tastes differ—only—and there's ever a bitter drop in the most honeyed cup—I am jealous of that abominable Willis fellow, who is forever hanging around Jessie and practicing duets with her." St. Cyr carefully knocked a dainty column of

st. Cyr carefully knocked a dainty column of ashes off his cigar.

"I am not sure I should be jealous of Bertie Willis, Hugh. To be sure he's a handsome, bold-spoken fellow, but—I should think you could tell whether you or he is highest in favor. Oh, by the way, Hugh, I would be a thousand times obliged if you would get me a passe-partout for Miss Courtenay's photograph, when you go into town to-morrow. Didn't you say you were going?"

vou were going? That was all about how it came to pass that Hugh Rolland came to be traveling from Long Branch up to the city with Fay Courtenay's pic-Branch up to the city with Fay Courtenay's picture in his breast-pocket, lying cosily side by side with Jessie Forrest's; and that was why, in his private office that day, when he was enjoying his after-lunch cigar, that he took the two lovely faces and laid them on his desk, and compared them, black eyes and blue, dark hair and gold, and made up his mind, then and there, to put his fate to the touch that very evening on

return to the sea-shore, Bertie Willis not

withstanding.

Then he took a coupe and was driven up-town where he selected a handsome passe-partout frame for Miss Courtenay's picture, and while the artist was adjusting it, strolled through the gallery, until he received the package neatly tied in snowy paper and dainty pink cord.

So freighted, one sweet face framed, in one pocket, and another sweet face, unframed, in another pocket, Hugh returned to Long Branch, to see, as he alighted from his train, Miss Forrest sitting in Mr. Willis's landau, looking angelically lovely, but—he could not be mistaken, smiling himself a glad, bright welcome that thrilled him to the very heart.

And which added fresh courage and hope that enabled him to seek her from the gay throngs in

enabled him to seek her from the gay throngs in the hotel parlors, and invite her for a *tete-a-tete* promenade on the bright moonlighted piazza. "Because I want to see you very particularly, Miss Forrest. Because I have something to tell you that interests me beyond every thing else in

And Jessie had leaned confidingly on his arm, and lifted her lovely eyes to his face, and smiled an encouragement that lifted him into the seventh heaven of hopeful delight.

"I am sure I shall be charmed to hear your secret, dear Mr. Rolland."

Hydel's heart gave the outheday, thump for

Hugh's heart gave the orthodox thump for the occasion, but he really did feel his courage ozing away for one little second. "Miss Jessie—or Jessie, let me call you, may I?" And then she smiled and leaned so exquisitely on his arm, and flashed out her pretty impetu-

She interrupted him imperiously.

"But I don't want to know anything about it. I was mistaken, that is all. And I wish you would take me back to the parlor, for I promised Mr. Willis the opening quadrille."

And that was the end of poor Hugh's sweet dream—bitter repulse—bitter beyond endurance, bitter past belief, until, in the silence of his own room he took out the hotograph to his own room he took out the photograph to kiss the sweet lips that never were to touch his —took it from his pocket to see that it was Fay

—took it from his pocket to see that it was Fay Courtenay's picture—Fay Courtenay that he had shown Jessie Forrest as the woman he loved, while Jessie's picture was undoubtedly the one, framed by mistake, and that minute lying in its white wrapper in St. Cyr's room!

No wonder Jessie had been enraged and indignant beyond measure—Hugh saw it all now, and with a little exclamation of despair and fury at his stupidity, and just a little faint hope of being able to explain satisfactorily, he went down-stairs again to seek Jessie out, and undo his fateful error.

To be met in the corridor by Bertie Willis, radiant and joyous, with Jessie on his arm, her

To be met in the corridor by Bertie Willis, radiant and joyous, with Jessie on his arm, her sweet face icing over with coldness at sight of him, as Willis detained him, gayly.

"Congratulate me, old fellow! I'm the happiest man alive, for Jessie has promised her sweet self to me not an hour ago!"

And poor Hugh went on his way, with thoughts in his heart hardly recordable.

And all for two women's pictures!

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

In lonely walks among the hills,
You meet her by the fountain,
Tuning her harp to a solemn song
As the winds waft o'er the mountain.
With a vision of love in her dreamy eyes,
Like the look of the wild gazelle,
She points to the waters stealing away
As the shadows drift down the dell.

By the lonely stream in the midnight hour, She hath looked on the silent stars, And with silvery moonlight clothed, Hath stood by the river bars.

A thing from the land of the mystics, She mournfully walketh the e-rth, And chacts a song of the faded years Ere sorrow was born of our mirth.

A Wild Girl:

LOVE'S GLAMOUR.

A Romance of Brooklyn Heights

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "PRET-TY AND PROUD," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

CHAPTER X. THE COUNT'S DOUBLE. OTHELLO. Honest honest lago!

IAGO. As the time, the place and the country tands I could heartily wish this had not befallen, out, since it is as it is, mer dit for your own good.

—SHAKSPEARE.

When Alberto, the night of the fete, had seen as master assassinated before his eyes, he had hrunk behind some laurels, for fear, if he was discovered, he would share the same doom. It was not three minutes before the duke returned, his features set in a stern composure, and placing his hand on the shoulder of his motionless wife, his hand on the shoulder of his motionless whe, hissed something into her ear, and pushed her before him on toward the palace until the two disappeared together. Then Alberto ran to the gate, opened it, and slipped through. All was dark and silent. The boatman had not even awakened; he was snoring on his seat.

Alberto stood a moment, lost in thought. He

Alberto stood a moment, loss in thought. He could not endure the idea of leaving his master's body in the water; but, after all, the count was dead from a stab in the back, and what good could it possibly do him to be fished up like an old boot or a string of sea-weed? It would ruin the duchess, that was all

half-formed idea came into the agent's

mind.

Stepping into the gondola he aroused the gondolier, said to him that the count must have gone home with some of his friends, and directed him to return to their apartments.

Once home, Alberto lighted a couple of lamps in his master's bed-chamber, and sat down in a chair. He felt very ill. The sight of the luggage all strapped for the journey affected him strangely.

The sleepy valet stumbled up to him wanting to know if the count had come.

The man-of-business aroused himself from a deep reverie; the answer which came to his tongue, almost without his desire, decided for him a course which had only presented itself to his mind off. him a course which had only presented itself to his mind fifteen minutes before.

him a course which is mind fifteen minutes before.

"The count," he answered, "has gone on to Paris to-night. He found that he could travel with a party of friends, and liked the idea. I am to go in the morning with the luggage. You, Francois, are to remain behind. The count has concluded that he will take no valet to the United States; but, that you may lose nothing, he directs me to pay your wages for two months and give you a good recommenda-tion. You will have a place long before the end of the two months. So, do not grumble. Sleep here to-night, that you may help me about get-

ting off in the morning."
The remainder of that night was like an eter-The remainder of that light was the all earlier inty to Alberto; and still daylight came all too soon. He spent it in pacing the floor, perfecting in his own mind all the particulars of the dangerous imposture he was about to attempt. A fellow of little principle, always restless and ambitious, Fate had thrown in his way an

and then she shilled and leaned so exquisitely on his arm, and flashed out her pretty impetuous answer:

"Oh, yes, do! I love to have my very dear friends drop the formality of address."

"Her very dear friends!" Hugh's hopes mount"Her very dear friends!" Hugh's hopes mount-

thought.

To the passenger-list of the steamer he first forged the name of the Count Cicarini. His hand shook; but, in time, it learned to do the bidding of its master without trembling. There was no one on board who had the slightest previous acquaintance with the nobleman.

Arrived in New York the adventurer again telegraphed. He was anxious to avoid a false step. He would not take up his part in this strange city until he had ascertained what the news might be.

His baggage remained on shipboard, nor would he register at any hotel until the answer arrived.

he register at any hotel until the answer arrived. It was to the effect that all was well, and Alberto took courage to go on with the course he had adopted.

CHAPTER XI. FOR HER SAKE.

JULIET. Oh honey nurse, what news?-SHAKSPEARE.

Doomed to see another take All I longed for and desired."—BULWER. A STRANGE week for Philip Armory followed on the advent of Kitty. She remained with his mother a week. What that week was to him none but himself can describe. So brief, so endless, so happy, so wretched—full of contradictions.

When he came back at evening from his day's duties, it sent the warm blood in swift pulses through his frame to think whose face he should see when he entered those humble chambers. Yet it was misery to know that beautiful face would never shine the "bright, particular star" of his life.

would never shine the "bright, particular star" of his life.

Kitty was very silent and pale during that interval. She had something of her father's retiscence, impulsive though she was, for she could not bring herself to confide to Mrs. Armory the secret of her singular behavior.

"I had scarcely more than spoken the words which made me his wife than I discovered something which suddenly betrayed to me that he was not the man I had taken him to be—something which caused an utter revulsion of feeling."—was all the explanation she gave.

There was something so lovable about Kitty—and now, added to that, something so pitiable—that Mrs. Armory's heart was completely won before the first twenty-four hours were passed.

Still, she regretted the girl's being in her house, knowing the state of Philip's mind. It was unfortunate that he should have this intimate association with one it was the business of his life. ing "—was all the explanation she gave.

There was something so lovable about Kitty—and now, added to that, something so pitiable—that Mrs. Armory's heart was completely won before the first twenty-four hours were passed. Still, she regretted the girl's being in her house, knowing the state of Philip's mind. It was unfortunate that he should have this intimate association with one it was the business of his life to forget.

His mother watched him anxiously whenever he spoke to Kitty. Poor little thing! not even

to forget.

His mother watched him anxiously whenever His mother watched him anxiously whenever he spoke to Kitty. Poor little thing! not even the dreadful lesson which she had left her school-books to learn from the sterner book of life, could quite crush the brilliancy of her young spirits. As they sat at their modest teatable, or gathered around the lamp afterward, some of her old trickish ways would flash out the lamp afterward, some of her old trickish ways would flash out the reason. I will bury my knowledge of his fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. He is not as good a man fault in my own breast. some of her old trickish ways would flash out upon them; she would be her own bright self for a few minutes. She had only the simple blue merino school-dress to wear in which she had left the convent. To see her in that, so quiet and pretty, her glorious hair put plainly back, yet breaking out in a hundred insurrectionary curls about her sweet face; wearing the little apron Mrs. Armory had lent her, determined to help about washing up the tea-things, not knowing in the least how to go about it; Philip felt as if he were in a dream.

This could not be the heroine of the week, the story of whose adventures, as far as known,

story of whose adventures, as far as known, filled every newspaper of New York and Brook-

This could not be the Countess Cicarini! Well, perhaps Kitty was not a countess, after

all.

He brought home, at her request, many of these papers, in which Kitty read all that was known of her story; read, with burning blushes of shame, the free comments on her conduct; the story accounts of the read, with breathless interest, accounts of the edings of the count.

"It was certain," the papers said, "that the bride had not returned to her father's house. Mr. Kanell knew nothing whatever about his daughter. He was very angry with her—would have nothing to do with the matter. Lost or found, it would make no difference to him. He 'disowned her from this time; she was no longer a child of his."

Over such paragraphs the runaway shed

"The count took his loss very composedly, yet eemed determined to find his bride. He had decetives employed searching in every direction. No tout the missing lady would be discovered very con. That is, if she were alive. There were fears hat she had, in a sudden paroxysm of remorse at isobeying her father, thrown herself into the river count Cicarnii thought it quite possible this might be so. If alive, he hoped his wife would return to im and put an end to suspense of friends."

Paragraphs like these made Kitty turn pale.

Paragraphs like these made Kitty turn pale. Very anxiously she inquired, day after day, when Philip returned from the bank, how her father appeared, what he said?

The reply was always the same:

"He is haughtier and more silent than ever.
do not think even his partners would dare uestion him on the subject. He looks rather erner than before, that is all; he seems well."

Then she would thank Mr. Armory, and turn way to high her tears.

Then she would thank Mr. Armory, and turn away to hide her tears.

After a few days she set him to hunting up Eliza, her discharged maid. Philip had no trouble to find her, since Kitty knew the address of the new place she had taken; but he did not dare be seen in communication with her, so dropped her a letter, feigning the untutored penmanship of an illiterate person, asking her to "call at No. — Pineapple street, after eight in the evening, to meet an old friend."

"Faix, I knew it was you, my darlint, the minute my eyes lit onto the paper," cried Eliza, that night, as she was mysteriously conducted up to Mrs. Armory's rooms, where Kitty rushed

up to Mrs. Armory's rooms, where Kitty rushed at her, and sobbed on her shoulder. "You said nothing to others, Eliza?"

"Thrust me for that! I was silent as me grandmother's grave. Ah, Miss Kitty, an' why lid ye run away from him after ye'd got him? I'm that bothered to know! I don't understand

ed higher, and then—be plunged straight into the subject.

"I don't know how to say it—I can't tell what I ought to say—only—only—in ever thought I had quite a large sum of money in his plunge he had taken.

"I don't know how to say it—I can't tell what I ought to say—only—only—in ever thought I had quite a large sum of money in his plunge he had taken.

"I he hesitated, embarrassed by the desperably the desperably the say is the law of the care of the count in another country, his own salety would be sorry for me."

"The favored lady." And yet, to have savel its said, ledy look of the care of the count of the care of the country look it the favored lady." And yet, to have savel its said, ledy look of the care of the only woman in all the world I want for my wfiel. Jessie—will be say yet, thin your interfered man and to continue to the office of the mind your interfered man and to continue to the office of the mind your interfered man and to continue to the lady spokes well and favorely, and had it on Jessies arm, watching her with wild as a head spokes well and the world and yet with the favorel man and to continue to the lady spokes well and favorely and many three don't be continued to the said ground the lady spokes well and the lady spokes

ag'in, ye's grown that thin an' pale as I wouldn't belave in a single wake."

Kitty's lips quivered, but she made no complaint. The two talked a few moments longer, and then Eliza went away.

Faithful to her promise Eliza returned the following evening, with a graphic report of her two visits. The servants at Mr. Kanell's were in such awe of their master's mood they dared not speak poor Kitty's name aloud, with him sitting overhead in the library.

Miss Parseley was in high spirits. Pretending to regret the conduct of her pupil, it was the opinion of Mrs. Kelley, the cook, that the sly thing was taking advantage of Mr. Kanell's being out of sorts, to wile him along to marry her.

"Oh, poor, dear papa, why did I leave him?" cried Kitty, at this part of the news. "I never will go home with that snake-in-the-grass for a compother!"

will go home with that snake-in-the-grass for a stepmother!"

Eliza had seen Miss Bayard, who cried when she spoke of her friend, and said it was her belief the poor child was at the bottom of the river. Mr. Fenn was with Miss Bayard, and he was afraid of it, too; they had no clew to her conduct, unless she had become frightened at the step she had taken and drowned herself.

Philip Armory perceived, with the quickness of love, that their visitor was in lower spirits, after Eliza's second visit, than she had been at any time since coming to their house. No wonder that she felt deserted by the whole world, with her father irreparably offended, her friends believing her dead: nowhere to turn—nothing to do, but keep quiet and suffer!

Such a punishment as this was the severest

to do, but keep quiet and suffer!

Such a punishment as this was the severest that could be inflicted on a temperament like Kitty's. She could face an enemy—laugh at danger—scorn the proprieties. But, to sit still, in helpless submission—that was hard!

He was studying her downcast face—as he did every moment when he could do so unobserved by her—when the girl suddenly lifted her blue eyes and looked straight into his heart. Philip dropped his lids as soon as possible, but his passionate longing had been in his eyes, and she had seen, and, for the first time, understood it. She blushed painfully. There was a long silence in the room. Mrs. Armory was busy with her sewing, near the table; Philip did not dare look at Kitty again; she was thinking new and painful thoughts.

Doomed to be the creature of impulse, Kitty

Doomed to be the creature of impulse, Kitty as not more than half an hour in coming to a

as he ought to be—perhaps, if I live with him, and try to make him better, he will be sorry for

the past."
"Never marry a man to reform him, my dear child."
"But, I am married to him; it is too late to alter that. As your son said to me when I came here—'How dare you promise, before God, to love and honor a man, and then desert him?

It seems to me strange fooling with the sacred things of life! Ah, Mrs. Armory, I have thought that over and over. I swore to be his 'for better or worse'—it is worse, but, I am bound, all the same. In the first shock of the discovery I made it seemed to me wrong and impossible to live with him. Now, I look upon it differently."

"Do you love this man you have married?"
It was Philip, not his mother, who asked this

"I do," said Kitty, in a low, intense voice, as f she were again responding to the sacraments.
'Whatever he is, I love him. It is because I ove him that I suffer so in keeping away from him."

love him that I suffer so in keeping away from him."

Philip sighed deeply. Mrs. Armory could say nothing to the poor child who clung about her neck, looking to her for advice.

In her eyes, it was a fearful thing for this child of sixteen to link her fate with that of a man she did not trust—probably a bad man, who would slowly crush her spirits and break her heart by a life of dissipation—for Mrs. Armory could think of nothing but that Kitty had discovered her noble count to be a person of dissolute habits. Philip had told her of the high position the Italian held at home and in New York, and she could imagine only that perhaps he was somewhat "fast," and Kitty had been shocked by some sudden knowledge of it.

"I cannot, my dear child, give you any advice. I feel as anxious for your happiness as if you were my own daughter; but this is a mat-

you were my own daughter; but this is a matter—now that it has gone so far—which you must decide for yourseif. I only wish that you had waited until you were older, before taking the one step of most importance in your whole

"There is one thing you can do," spoke up Philip, hoarsely. "Go to your father first. He may take you home and afford you his protection. He is the proper person to advise you how to act." I am afraid of him. But I will go, if you

bid me, Mrs. Armory."
"It seems to me best that you should."
"Will you come with me, both of you? Let

Philip was ringing the bell at Mr. Kanell's door. Patrick gave a cry as he caught sight of the pale ittle face inside of the blue hood. He would have closed the door but Philip put his shoulder against it, bidding his mother and her trembling companion to pass in.

Thrust me for that! I was silent as me randmother's grave. Ah, Miss Kitty, an' why id ye run away from him after ye'd got him? In that bothered to know! I don't understand, at all, at all. Yer a quare young lady, my ear."

"Eliza, I didn't send for you to scold me. I was silent as she pushed the door acry true, but she makes a princely income out opened door of the library. Kitty went directly toward it, followed by Mrs. Armory; Philip remained in the hall.

A strange feeling of love and sorrow pierced Kitty's heart like a knife as she pushed the door.

"Eliza, I didn't send for you to scold me. I

he heard these words thrown at him from the hall.

"Ah, Philip, is that you? Your interference costs you your place. You need not come to the bank again."

"Take me to Lilia's, please," said Kitty, as the three went out into the starry night. "I will stay with her to-night. There is no longer need of concealment, since I am going to my husband in the morning. It is only a little way from here. Mr. Armory, I am sorry you have lost your place for my sake. It shall be made good to you. I have money of my own which I can use, some time. Mrs. Armory, I shall love you forever. Here we are! Come in with me, do, if you please."

"I shall wish to see you safe, my dear," answered the elder lady, and so she and her son followed on into the house up whose steps they had passed.

had passed.

Lilia Bayard started up with a scream of delight as a pale, tear-stained little face appeared at the drawing-room door.

But Kitty did not hear it—did not see her! There was a graceful figure standing by the piano, at sight of which a rich bloom leaped into her white cheeks, a great splendor dawned in her dazzled eyes: with outstretched arms she flew across the room and threw herself upon the count's bosom.

flew across the room and threw herself upon the count's bosom.

"Oh, Carlo, I have come back! I will never play you such a trick again," she sobbed; "I am your loving little wife, Carlo."

That was the scene Philip Armory carried back with him, as he walked slowly home with his mother to the poor rooms grown dull and dreary, and remembered that he was dismissed from his place in mid-winter—"for her sake."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 451.)

EUREKA! EXCELSIOR! Respectable Paper for Young Americans,

at last! THE YOUNG NEW YORKER: Boys' Story Paper and World of Sport.

LOOK OUT FOR IT!

The Winning Oar:

THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of Boston and of Cambridge, of the College boys of Harvard, of the great boatrace, of woman's love, man's treachery, and sisterly devotion.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "THE POLICE SPY," "OVERLAND KIT," "INJUN DICK," "WOLF DEMON,"
"THE WHITE WITCH," "PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE OWLS OF NEW YORK," NDOWN," "THE GIRLS OF NEW ORLEANS," ETC. 'SUNDOWN,'

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BLACK SHEEP'S PLAN. "THE signor is out of humor to-night!" rahame exclaimed, in his gay, volatile way. Some of the critics have been scoring him with merciless pen, and he is talking wildly of pis-ols and coffee."
"The life of an artist is not always in the sun-

shine," the girl remarked.
"By the way, Otis, I have a little business at the club to attend to this evening, and so, with your permission, I will tear myself away. The affair had nearly slipped my memory," Grahame

But the stroke-oar was in no mood to stay longer in the dangerous company of the siren. The charm was not yet complete, and he had strength enough to withdraw.

"I will accompany you, Harrison, and at some future time will again have the pleasure of calling upon Miss—" Kitty, he was just about to say, but checked himself just in time.
"Paulina," added Grahame, laughingly. "I think that I can guess there is a little secret between you two, but I will not attempt to share it."

it."
A puzzled look appeared on the girl's face for a moment. She did not understand Grahame's game; it was evident, though, that he wished to keep Bub in ignorance of the fact that he too knew her as Kitty, the barmaid of the Woodbine Inn, in fair Cambridge town.

The girl was somewhat annoyed at the departure of the stroke-oar, but she skillfully concealed it and bid him farewell with her sweetest smile, and urged him, with almost unmaidenly

ate as series of impending evil hovering in his mile, and urged him, with almost unmaidenly persistence, to call again, and soon.

The cousins walked up the street toward areas sroadway, Lawrence, dull and gloomy, a sense of impending evil hovering in his mind, while Grahame, on the contrary, was unusually merry.

By Jove! she is a superb girl, eh, Bub?"

exclaimed.

"Yes, a very fine girl," the stroke-oar responded, slowly, his face strangely sad for one of his usual high spirits.

"Yes, sir, a superb girl! I've seen a great many in my time, but this charming creature is a cut above them all. Why, she has the air of a duchess."

"And yet she is only—" the daughter of the keeper of a common drinking-saloon. Bub was

us go, now—to night."

In a few moments they were ready, and soon
Philip was ringing the bell at Mr. Kanell's door.

"And yet she is only—" the daughter of the keeper of a common drinking-saloon, Bub was about to say, but checked himself just in time

do, though."

"Yes, I do," Lawrence admitted, slowly.

"Well, I won't pry into the secret; only all
I've got to say is that if you want the girl she's
yours; I feel satisfied in regard to that."

'Oh, it's the truth, and you know it, old fel-

Don't say anything more about the subject,

"All right."

And so the conversation ended.
The two went to the club, spent the evening there, and then returned to their hotel.

Bub's slumbers were restless and uneasy that night; and two fair faces haunted him, while Grahame, on the contrary, slept like a top. His plans were progressing well, and he felt sure that he would ultimately triumph.

In the morning Grahame excused himself to his cousin under the pretense that he had some important business to attend to, and immediately sought the presence of the lady who in such a strange manner played two such different roles in the drama of life.

Grahame sent up his card and craved the favor of a private interview with the queen of song.

song. The lady was at home, and immediately came

down.
Right in the rear of the main parlor was a little private one, and in it "Mademoiselle Paulina" received her visitor.
"No doubt you are surprised at my request for a private interview," Grahame began, "but

I assure you that I desire to see you upon most important business."

"I am ready to listen, sir," the girl replied, coldly. She had taken a dislike to this wily Mr. "Harry Gray," although for the life of her she could not have told why.

"Now I am about to speak upon a most deli-

"Now I am about to speak upon a most delicate matter, and I beg that you will not be offended if I speak plainly."
"Go on, sir," she said, quietly.

You are desperately in love with my cousin, Otis Lawrence."
The girl started, crimsoned to her temples, for

the speech was totally unexpected.
"And he, in a measure, is fascinated by you."
"Cease, sir, I beg!" Kitty exclaimed, rising in agitation "Oh, but you must hear me!" Grahame cried.
"I will not hear you!" she replied, vehe-

mently The happiness of your whole life depends upon it!"
"My happiness?"

"Yes; you love Bub, and he can be made to love you!"
"To love me?" The girl was amazed.

"To love me?" The girl was amazed.

"Yes; I can arrange the matter."

"I cannot understand how that can be."

"I cannot very well explain it now; all I can say is that I can arrange the matter."

"You will excuse me, sir, if I doubt your power," Kitty exclaimed, with quite a haughty accent. She resented the man's interference.

"Doubt all you like: I don't object to that!" accent. She resented the man's interference.

"Doubt all you like; I don't object to that!"
Grahame answered, in his careless way. "All I wish of you is to agree to do certain things provided that I bring you and Bub together."

"Oh, you are making a bargain with me!"
The girl's lip curled in scorn.

"Well, yes; it is something of that sort."

"And supposing that I don't agree!"

"Ah! but you will agree!"

"I will: You certainly have great assurance."

You will find that there is one in this world who is not ruled by it!" the girl cried, spirit-You mean to imply that you will not do as I

You have guessed correctly!" she exclaimed, in lofty scorn.
"But you don't know what I wish."

I do not care to know!

crafty scheme on hand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE haughty lip of the girl curled in con-"This fellow is an arch scoundrel," she murmured, "but I can defy his malice. Otis Law-rence can never be anything to me; to indulge in such a hope is simply to cast reason aside; but, there is a fascination—a charm in his so-ciety which I am not strong enough to resist, although I know full well that I imperil myself by yielding to it. He will never marry me; the thought is folly, and I tread upon the very brink of a frightful precipice when I encourage his attentions. I will not be so weak and foolish in the future; I will avoid him, although the struggle tears my heart in twain."

A brave resolution and the cirl fully intend-

ish in the future; I will avoid him, although the struggle tears my heart in twain."

A brave resolution, and the girl fully intended to carry it out, but in this world man proposes and fate disposes.

Grahame's face was dark and his brows contracted as he paced slowly down the street.

"She will have it!" he muttered; "I would have spared her the blow, but she is obstinate, and, as I can't bend her, she must break. Proud and, as I can't bend her, she must break. Proud and willful after the fashion of her sex! Well, within a week I will undertake to humble her

within a week I will undertake to humble her to the level of the dust."

But the shrewd Mr. "Harry Gray" worked by wit and not by witchcraft, and wit depended upon dilatory time; and so, for fully a week, nothing worth particular mention occurred.

Bub visited his siren daily; again he was fast in her toils, and as for all her mighty resolutions they vanished into thin air in his presence.

Heart and soul the girl was devoted to the stroke-oar, and at times there arose in her mind a wild determination to win him for her own, despite all the obstacles that existed.

The time for the race was fast approaching. Lured by the wiles of the siren, whose fatal fascinations had taken so strong a hold upon him, Bub neglected his training and lingered in New York notwithstanding the remonstrances of the

York notwithstanding the remonstrances of the rest of the crew.
"Oh, it's all right, boys," he replied. "I am in excellent health and am taking the best of care of myself. Don't be alarmed about me; when the day of the race comes I will take my

"Yes, but I say, Bub, I was quite astonished when I discovered that you and Mademoiselle Paulina had met before."
"Was you?"
"Yes, and I say, old fellow—of course it is none of my business—but aren't you and she pretty well acquainted?"
"Yes."
"I'll bet a trifle that there has been a love affair between you two!"
"Why should you think so?" Lawrence asked, rather annoyed at the idea.
"Guessed it from the way she looked at you," Grahame replied, laughing. "Oh, I've a rare eye to detect that sort of thing!"
"Itarrison, don't you know who this girl really is?" Bub asked, abruptly.
"No, of course not; how should I? but you do, though."
"Yes, I do," Lawrence admitted, slowly.
"Yes, I do," Lawrence admitted, slowly.

the diamonds in her ears and then descended to

the diamonds in her ears and then descended to the reception-room.

She entered, carelessly swinging the door to behind her. The lady and gentleman rose to re-ceive her, their faces convulsed with emotion, and, oh horror! Kitty recognized her father and

A wild cry came from the lips of the girl; she staggered back, her face as pale as the face of the dead, and but for the support of a friendly chair, which involuntarily her trembling hand had grasped, she would have fallen prostrate to

"Father—mother!" she gasped.
"You see, mother, I told thee naught but the truth!" the old man exclaimed, his voice husky and trembling with emotion.

A sob was the only reply of the old dame, and bursting into a flood of tears she sunk down into

a chair.
"Yes, this is the lass that we toiled for," the old man continued, "the daughter that we thought we were a-bringing up to be a good, pious girl, the support and comfort of our old age. And now, how do we find her? a-flaunting it like a princess with diamonds in her ears and sin in her heart."

like a princess with diamonds in her ears and sin in her heart!"

"Oh, no, father—mother, believe me, I am a good, honest girl!" Kitty cried, wildly, flinging herself down at the feet of the old man.

"Don't 'ee call me fayther! I will have naught to do with ye!" he replied, sternly.

"Oh, Kitty, to go and break our hearts this 'ere way," the old woman sobbed.

"Wasn't it enough that you should take the wretched wages of sin yourself without forcing us to have a part in 'em?" old Googage exclaimed, his voice trembling with passion.

"But, father, I haven't done anything wrong; I only honorably use the gifts that Heaven has given me!"

"And where do you use 'em?" the father cried;

And where do you use 'em?" the father cried "in the devil's house, the theater! I saw you there two nights ago with my own eyes, wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it ricked out in silk and laces and with diamond

all over you! Oh, girl, girl, I would rathen have seen you in your grave-clothes, dressed for your coffin!"

have seen you in your grave-clothes, dressed for your coffin!"

A fresh outburst of sobs from the old lady interrupted the father's speech.

"But, father," pleaded the agitated girl, "I am just as good a girl now as when I first left the shelter of your roof."

"And you lied to us, too!" the old man added, fiercely. "We accepted your earnings—the money that we thought you had gained by honest toil, and that money kept a roof over our heads when, if it hadn't a-been for it, we should have been houseless, homeless wanderers in the streets, maybe; but, we're here now to pay it all back. I went home to the Woodbine arter I see'd you tricked out in your stage finery and I toid your mother all about it and she wouldn't believe me; she thought that there must be some awful mistake about it, and so I brought her on here to this great over-grown city, for I wanted her to see with her own eyes; and now she has seen; she's seen your diamonds—vour false valler hair and all your fine fivings.

-your false yaller hair and all your fine fixings and-"

I wish of you is to agree to do certain things provided that I bring you and Bub together."

"Oh, you are making a bargain with me!" The girl's lip curled in scorn.

"Well, yes; it is something of that sort."

"And supposing that I don't agree?"

"Ah! but you will agree!"

"I will! You certainly have great assurance."

"I know that you will agree, because it is for your interest to do so," he calmly returned.

"And you think that I am ruled solely by my interest?" The girl was rapidly losing her temper.

"Who is there in all this wide world who is not ruled solely by their interest?" he demanded, sarcastically. "From the highest to the lowest man, woman or child, the idol, self, rules all the world."

"You will find that there is one in this world"

"You will find that there is one in this world"

"You will find that there is one in this world"

"You will find that there is one in this world"

"You will find that there is one in this world"

"Oh, kitty, you've broken my heart!" the old woman sobbed.

"Father—mother, forgive me!" the girl implored, with streaming eyes. "I did it all for the best: I could not bear to see you toil so; I desired to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help you along in the battle of life."

"And to help us you have sacrificed your imortal soul!" the old man replied, solemnly.

"Oh, kitty, tink of the judgment in the world to come!" Mrs. Googage exclaimed.

"My fault is not such a terrible one; I am still a good, honest girl, and I defy the world to prov

you child!"
"Oh, father, for Heaven's sake have mercy!

the unhappy girl plead.

"Ask mercy of the Heaven that you have outraged with your sinful ways—with your diamonds and your fine clothes!" answered the old man, sternly: "but as for us, we are done wit you forever. Wasn't it enough that you sheat the bread of sin and shame in secret, "In a week you will think differently, and until that time I bid you adieu."

Grahame bowed himself out. He had a but we thought that you had wrought for it and gained the silver by bonest toil; we had no idea

gained the silver by bonest toil; we had no idea that it was the devil's ware!"

"Oh, the bread it bought ought to have choked us!" moaned the old woman.

"But we've come to give it all back," and old Googage produced his old-fashioned, capacious pocket-book as he spoke; then he undid the strap which bound it and took out some legallooking documents. "Here's a deed of the Woodbine Inn; and here's a bill of sale of everything that's in the house. We don't want erything that's in the house. We don't want anything, neither the old woman nor I, except the clothes we stand in. We don't know how much money you've given us; we never kept no account of it, 'cos we never expected for to have to give a reckoning of it; but we'll just give up everything and go out into the world again as

our hearts? the enraged latter demanded, sternly. "You made us eat the wages of sin, and we lived and thrived on it. Heaven's curse fall on your head, you vile girl!"

"No, no, Ben, don't curse her!" cried the aged mother, interposing. "Come away!"

"Oh, don't leave me—take me with you!" and kittle clung to the old man's knees.

"Take you with us now that we know what

"Take you with us now that we know what you are! Why, we would rather cherish a ser-

you are! Why, we would rather cherish a serpent in our bosoms, vile girl that you are." And the father rudely cast her off.

With a pitiful cry the unhappy girl fell fainting to the floor. The mother would have gone to her assistance, but the old man forced her away and hurried her from the house.

When Kitty recovered her senses, she discovered Harrison Grahame bending over her.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 445.)

Old Mortimer's Ranch.

BY CAPT. BEN LOOMIS.

in excellent health and am taking the best of care of myself. Don't be alarmed about me, when the day of the race comes I will take my place in the boat as fit and in as good a fettle as any man in the crew. I am detained in town by important matters."

The search after Winny he had given up; Grahame had taken the matter upon himself and after a pretended search had assured Bub that old Milligan had removed the girl to some secret hiding-place, and that for the present it was impossible.

"LIEUTENANT FORREST," said Captain Eddy, one evening, as they sat at cards in the officer's room, at Fort Lincoln, Colorado, "a few of us start on a short hunting expedition, to-morrow—Sergeant Brown, Lieutenant Adams and myself—and would be happy to have you join us." I shall be only too glad of such a pleasure. At what time do you leave?"

"Not later than five o'clock in the morning. Do not fail to be ready, promptly."

Milligan had removed the girl to some secret hiding-place, and that for the present it was impossible to trace her, and Bub, with that fatal weakness, about the only blemish in his noble nature, tamely accepted the statement; he was quieted though by Grahame's repeated declaration that if the matter was left in his hands he would most assuredly find the lost one in time.

"Not later than five o'clock in the morning. Do not fail to be ready, promptly."

"The sum was just crossing the eastern horizon—casting its reflection upon the snow capped mountains which rose majestically against the western sky, giving the impression that day was approaching from both quarters—as a party of four left the entrance of Fort Lincoln, well mounted and equipped for a ten days' hunt believe the mounted his horse and rode reluctions and the saying to himself:

"The sum way, saying to himself:

"The girl already loves young Forrest. I must stop this. I have set my heart upon martying her, and nothing shall come between us."

During his brief convalescence at the ranch. Ashton Forrest did not fail, either by act, word and under the proposition of the mounted and equipped for a ten days' hunt believe the mounted his horse and rode reluctions and the morning. The sum was just crossing the eastern horizon—casting its reflection upon the snow capped mountains which rose majestically against the western sky, giving the impression that day was approached from the first observed in the mounted his horse and rode reluctions and the proposition of the propos

yond the mountain range which lay some fourthen miles west of the fort—though, so clear was the air, to a stranger it seemed scarcely a half-hour's walk distant. Their plan was to follow the base of the range, until they reached the Bowlder Cañon; and, through that pass, to cross the range into Middle Park, beyond, where they were sure of pleuty of game and fine trout fishwere sure of plenty of game and fine trout fish-

were sure of plenty of game and the trota ming.

As the brother officers galloped along the plain, that stretched to the eastward its wavy undulating surface, an unbroken, measureless expanse, like a great restless ocean, Ashton Forrest drank to the full the joys of this new, free, careless life; for he had been but recently stationed at Fort Lincoln. As they turned their horses' heads into the cañon, intense was his delight and surprise as he beheld the grand mountains, on either side of the narrow road, towering hundreds of feet above him, while between their bases rushed the rapid foaming stream, the Middle Bowlder.

ing hundreds of feet above him, while between their bases rushed the rapid foaming stream, the Middle Bowlder.

Journeying on, through the ever-changing, picturesque scenery, they, at sunset, reached the summit of the snowy range, far up among the clouds; but as the cold made it impracticable for them to camp here they were obliged, though night was rapidly approaching, to make the descent into the park beyond, which they entered at a late hour, thoroughly tired and eager for rest. In this beautiful unfrequented spot the pleasure-seekers spent ten days in hunting and fishing.

"Boys," said Sergeant Brown, on the evening of the tenth day of their encampment, "if, as was proposed, we take the trail back, and cross the range at the divide, and so come out at "Old Mortimer's Ranch," at the foot of Mount Bross, we ought soon to break up here; for the trail is in horrible condition, and at best a rough, steep, hard path to travel."

trail is in horrible condition, and at best a rough, steep, hard path to travel."

"I think your suggestion a good one, sergeant, and we will break camp to-morrow morning," responded Captain Eddy.

Early the next day the party struck the trail, a mere foot-path, which in places was so steep and stony that they were obliged to dismount, in preference to risking their necks by a misstep of their horses. They had crossed the range at a lower point than at entering the park, and when well down the opposite side, Ashton Forrest, upon reaching a very steep and obstructed when well down the opposite side, Ashton For-rest, upon reaching a very steep and obstructed portion of the trail, either from fatigue or a reckless spirit of daring, refused to follow the example of his comrades and dismount. As he led the way he turned to Sergeant Brown and called back, jokingly:

"You fellows might as well have left your borses at the fort for all the good they do."

"You fellows might as well have left your horses at the fort, for all the good they do you." Brown had no time to reply. At that instant Ashton's horse was seen to stumble, and, unable to regain his balance, roll over and down the precipice along whose edge the narrow trail ran. Ashton had been thrown over the horse's head, and lay senseless upon the edge of the cliff, just beyond where his horse had fallen into the chasm below.

"My Godd" exclaimed Captain Eddy, spring-

'My God!" exclaimed Captain Eddy, springany Goo! exchained Captain Eddy, spring-ing to the young man's side, "he seems quite dead! I fear he would not have fared worse had he gone over the cliff with his poor horse. Brown, can't you run back to the stream we just crossed and fetch some water? Perhaps he has only fainted, though this deep cut upon his head locks serious."

ead looks serious."

Brown brought the water, but the men were

brown brought the water, but the men were unable to restore their comrade to consciousness, although the beating of heart and pulse proved that life had not yet parted with him.

"There is but one thing to do," said Lieutenant Adams; "take him to Mortimer's Ranch. It cannot be more than two miles distant, and we can leave him there; while we proceed to the foot for an ambulance."

can leave him there; while we proceed to the fort for an ambulance,"

General Mortimer, or "Old Mortimer," as he was commonly called, had been among the early settlers in Colorado, having come to Denver with his little daughter, a fair child of nine years, to repair both his shattered health and fortune. He purchased some real estate in Denver, which, in time, made him an almost wealthy man; later, he shrewdly pre-empted a quarter section, including the only pass across the range for several miles either way. While he did not actually own, he yet controlled thousands of acres of rich pasture-land upon and beyond the mountains. At the entrance to this pass, nestled cosily at the base of the mountains, he built a pretty cottage, just before whose door ran a tled cosily at the base of the mountains, he built a pretty cottage, just before whose door ran a clear, cool mountain stream, yielding ample supplies for the immense herds of cattle which accumulated upon his hands. So, without a stroke of labor, "Old Mortimer" had become immensely wealthy. Here, with his daughter, he spent the most of each year, going to his home in Denver, about thirty miles distant, to spend the winter months. the winter months.

In this beautiful spot it was that Ashton Forest awoke to consciousness early in the evening of the day of the accident, and discovered with

surprise the beautiful lady beside him.
"Where am I?" he asked, confusedly, "and what has happened?"
"You have had a severe fall, Mr. Forrest, and a narrow escape from death," replied Miss Mor-timer; "but were it not for some serious bruises, and a gash upon your head, you might soon be out again. You need give yourself no uneasiness regarding your confinement here; we shall gladly do what we can for your com-

"To whom am I indebted for such kind assurances?" questioned Ashton, languidly.
"I am Miss Mortimer; you are in General Mortimer's cottage, fourteen miles from the fort, whither your comrades hastened to send for a But you will scarcely need his atter

beyond the dressing of the wound upon

your head."

After bathing Ashton's head, and arranging the light, Miss Mortimer softly vanished from the room, leaving her patient to ponder upon the kind fate that had planted in his life this prairie flower: for he was, already, more than half in love with this charming Western girl.

When the surgeon had dressed Lieutenant Forrest's wound, and the invalid had partaken of a daintily-served supper from Miss Mortimer's hands, feasting his eyes eagerly upon the sweet face that was bent often toward his, the lady gave place to her father, who discovered that Ashton was the son of an old friend and schoolmate. And both the general and his daughter mate. And both the general and his daughter were soon greatly interested in their young

Colonel Carter had long wished for an excuse to make the acquaintance of the lovely heiress, Louise Mertimer; and he eagerly seized the op-

portunity of presenting himself at the cottage, to inquire after Lieutenant Forrest.

"You see, general, I feel an especial concern for Forrest, who has recently joined us, and has hardly become reconciled to this far Western life. I hope he has not been a burden to you. I think he may he seefly moved to the fort, by think he may be safely moved to the fort by

At this juncture the colonel was interrupted y the entrance of Miss Mortimer; and a look of keen admiration came upon his sunburnt face, which lingered long after the general's intro-

'Louise," said the general, "Colonel Carter has just mentioned removing our patient to-morrow; but we cannot listen to such a sugges-tion; Mr. Forrest's father was a friend of my younger days, and I cannot allow his son to leave my house until he has entirely recovered."

"It is a pleasure to have a wounded soldier to nurse," added Louise, as she led the way to the invalid's room, half-blushing at her own speech. "Well, general," said the colonel, after spendunder a week. By that time, if well enough, his duties at the fort will compel his return," and politely saluting the lovely young heiress, Colo-nel Carter mounted his horse and rode reluct-

gained from the general the promise of his THE REDEMPTION OF LUCIFER.

daughter's hand.

"My darling Louise," cried Ashton, pressing her to his heart, "remember that you are my one only love; and nothing but death shall ever separate us!"

And Louise gave and received a score of kisses before she let her lover ride away, watching him until he looked like a speck upon the plain, and then turning toward the house with a sad

Upon his return to the fort Ashton found the colonel had detailed him to accompany Captain Eddy, and a portion of the garrison, as an escort to a government surveying expedition be-yond the mountains. He felt that he must see Louise before he went, and applied to the colonel for permission to ride over to the ranch the next day. But his request was colly re-fused, and he was obliged to depart upon the expedition, a day later, leaving with the colonel few passionate lines of love and explanation or Louise, little thinking that the note would ever be read by other eyes than his command-

ng officer's.

And Louise Mortimer watched in vain for a visit from her lover. She had received no word from him since the morning he had taken her in his arms and passionately avowed his love, and yet weeks had gone by. One evening, in the yet weeks had gone by. One evening, in the atte summer-time, as she sat upon the porch, ooking out upon the plain, she discerned a mounted officer approaching, and her heart beat joyously until she discovered that the visitant was Colonel Carter.

He gallantly touched his cap, asking, smilningly.

ngly:
"Is your father at home, Miss Mortimer?"
"No," Louise responded, almost betrayi "No," Louise responded, almost betraying her disappointment; "he went hunting to-day, and has not yet returned. Will not you wait until he returns?"

The colonel assented.

"Life at the fort," he laughed, lazily taking a seat at her side, "is so monotonous that one cannot afford to refuse to accept any delightful nterruption. I suppose you hear sometimes from Lieutenant Forrest and how he likes campife in the far West?"

'Lieutenant Forrest? Is he not at the fort!" Louise asked, in astonishment.
"He has been away since the second day after he left here. Did he not send you any

nessage?"
"No," Miss Mortimer replied, with an expression of bewilderment in tone and face.

"Why, Miss Mortimer, you indeed surprise me. Forrest wrote so devotedly to a lady triend he left East, I supposed he might have induced you, too, to contribute to his amusement by correspondence. And he seemed quite contented at coint."

ontented at going."

Louise Mortimer's face grew deathly pale; and rom that hour her heart was relentless toward

Ashton Forrest. Ashton Forrest.

Captain Eddy and his band remained a little too long beyond the range; the snows fell upon the mountains and they were obliged to join the troops at Fort Carson, in the southern portion of the valley where they had last camped.

Late in the fall the Mortimers took up their abde in Danyer City, and as the winter, passed

abode in Denver City, and as the winter passed Colonel Carter became a constant visitor at their home. When the early spring appeared, Louise Mortimer wore a flashing band of diamonds upon her engagement-finger. In the latter part of March, one afternoon, as Louise and Carter sat in General Mortimer's library, a servent entered with a letter for the colonel. vant entered with a letter for the colonel— marked "Official." The colonel tore it hastily open and read it with clouding face, then an inced to his betrothed:

"I am ordered at once to Fort Carson, with two hundred men."

"That will disarrange our wedding plans, uggested the heiress, calmly. "What are you rishes in the matter?" I must of course abide by your decision."

"Then we will not be married until your return," she replied, coolly, glad to avail herself of a few more months of freedom.
"Very well: I must start to-morrow."
After hard forced marches, Colonel Carter's command found themselves nearing Fort Carter's command found themselves nearing Fort Carter's command found themselves nearing for Carter's command found themselves nearing for Cartery Theory were in the cartery produced them. command round themselves nearing Fort Car-son. They were in the southern portion of the valley, riding knee-deep among flowers and soft wavy prairie-grass, in such contrast to the deep snow they had but recently left behind that they seemed to have come to paradise, instead of the abode of savages. They camped late at night, within two miles of Fort Carson, unconscious of its nearness, lying down to rest with-out a thought that near this lovely spot many of them should sleep their last sleep, and were awakened early the next morning by the sound

"It must come from the fort!" cried the colonel. "It is an attack! If we had known, we might have reached there last night, and perhaps saved them! It may not be too late now!" perhaps saved them! It may not be too late now!"
The men were in rank instantly, the determined expression upon their faces showing that they realized what was before them. As they neared the fort, almost surrounded by savages, they were discovered; and with a yell that made the mountains on either side re-echo, and well-nigh curdled the blood of the stoutest hearts, the greater portion of the Indians dashed toward them. It was too late for concealment; they could only fight their way to the fort or die in the attempt. And they did fight, as only Western regulars can; but against three times their number their case would have been hopeless had not their comrades at the fort oeen hopeless had not their comrades at the fort succeeded in sallying to their assistance. For a while it was hard to tell which side would win while it was hard to tell which side would win the day. The struggle was desperate, but the Indians were finally driven beyond the woods that skirted the valley, though the field was left strewn with dead and wounded, savages and white men. Captain Eddy had been killed in the first sortie, and Colonel Carter lay wounded, near, close beside a savage chief, with whom he had fought hand to hand. The savage was dead, but he had dealt his enemy a fatal blow, also.

Ashton Forrest, with tears trickling down his bronzed face, stooped to close the eyes of his much-loved officer, Captain Eddy; and as he turned aside to check his grief, he beheld the prostrate form of Colonel Carter.

"My God! colonel, are you here, and wounded?"

My God! colonel, are you here, and wounded?" "My God! colonel, are you here, and wounded?"
"Yes, Forrest, dying; raise me up, brave
boy, and give me a sip of water. I want to undo the wrong of which I have made you the victim." He stopped a moment, closing his eyes
and gasping for breath. "When I left Denver
I was engaged to Miss Mortimer, and if I had
not been ordered here would soon have been her
husband. The first time I saw her I swore I
would marry her; and knowing she loved you I would marry her; and knowing she loved you I sent you with Eddy. I destroyed all the letters you sent her, and made her believe you were en-gaged to a lady in Chicago; and after she had eased to care for you I won her promise to be-

Forrest's whole body quivered with anger; and taking from his pocket a sheet of paper, and hurriedly writing what he had heard, he said,

Sign this paper, which contains what you re just confessed!" have just confessed!"

Slowly the colonel penciled his name, and sunk back, fainting, into Ashton's arms. And that night when he was buried, where he had so bravely fallen, Ashton Forrest vowed that only two persons should know to what meanness in life Celengl Carten had storned.

life Colonel Carter had stooped.

Three years have passed since that awful day, and those who survived it are again at Fort Lincoln, but now under the command of Colonel Forrest—the "wealthy young colonel," as he is called; for he is the husband of Louise Mortimer, who is now the possessor of her father's great wealth, and the happy couple spend their summers at "Old Mortimer's Ranch."

A Respectable Paper for Young Americans, at last!

THE YOUNG NEW YORKER: A Boys' Story Paper and World of Sport. LOOK OUT FOR IT!

A MYSTERY.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Eternity was King; Time had gone;
There was no night; day had no dawn;
The Universe had vanished;
Hight and depth, around, above, had ceased to be,
Save as a wide, vast, voidless mystery—
A page torn from the book of Fate's strange history,
Once read, then banished.

The ether seemed an ocean vast; Each world a ship at anchor cast, Lay crumbling slow away;
A shivering horror all did blight;
All, all was black; there was no light!
Erebus sat in pride; his mantle, Night—
There was no day!

Fiends flapped thro' space their condor wings, Misshapen, horrid, ghostly things,
Fierce as the winds;
And from their lips came forth a yell,
Deep, terrible; it seemed a knell,
Wru ig from the tortured souls of hell, That misery binds.

All sound was hushed; the tideless roar
A torpid ocean there, fell silent on the shore
Waveless and dead;
From out its bosom came a specter band,
Each with a ghostly taper in its hand,
Strode silent o'er that trackless sand—
Soundless their tread.

A desert void—a lowering sky,
Shadowed by phantoms hovering by;
A ghastly, gloomy sea!
No moon looked down—not e'en a star;
No rosy gates of light unbar—
A trackless waste, boundless and far,
A phantom, waveless sea!

No whispering winds; not e'en a ripple rests
Upon that torpid ocean's waveless breast,
Foul as Gomorrah's Lake;*
Hell hath no scenes like this!
E'en there the flends may grin, and hiss
Their deadly venom; thro' its deep abyss
No light doth break.

The sun had faded, stars had fled;
The moon and all her sister planets dead,
In that black vast,
When, lo! there sprung a glorious light,
A being clad in garments white,
With face in radiant beauty bright!
All gloriously he passed.

Darkness fied like a ghoul away,
And in the East there rose a day;
Across the heavens sunlight gleamed;
Space rung with God's most holy name't
And Michael shook his sword of flame;
All Heaven rung with the glorious fame
Of Lucifer redeemed.

* The Dead Sea.
† According to the Hebrew chroniclers the most holy name of God is I AM; and they relate that when it is spoken the very angels in Heaven tremthe. Lucifer, before his fall, was said to have been alled the Son of the Morning.

Equality Eph,

The Outlaw of the Chaparral;

SPORT AND PERIL IN TEXAS. BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR., AUTHOR OF "HAPPY JACK AND PARD," "THE CALIFORNIANS," ETC., ETC.

"TURN-OVER, THE HALF-BREED."

THERE were few names better known throughout Texas than that of Colonel Overton, taking it through its various changes. His fame—or notoriety—was common to the whole vast region west of the Mississippi river. A hundred men had sworn his death at as many different times, and as many attempts had been made to keep these oaths. But Satan seemed to befriend his own, and at the date of this story the border scourge was still alive and pursuing his career of crime and cruelty. His name and some of his deeds have found a place in a dozen or more books of Western travel, but as yet no perfect record of his life has been given. Partly as a curiosity of reckless daring and crime, partly because he has played a prominent part in this hasty record, I have collected the main points of his eventful career, and transcribed CHAPTER XXII. points of his eventful career, and transcribed them here, simply premising that what follows is *history*, and can be substantiated, if neces-

About the year 1815, a Spanish or Mexic ader settled among the Kiowas, at the foot of he Green Mountains. He took a squaw from is adopted tribe, and by her had one child, the ubject of this sketch. Not satisfied with the ritimate profits of his profession, this traderlegitimate profits of his profession, this trader—whose name is lost—indulged largely in horse-stealing and even less harmless pursuits, more than once leading a foray into the settlements of the province of Santa Fe; and it was during one of these raids that he was captured and hung. The Kiowas took possession of his property, which was considerable, but, from some perty, which was considerable, but, from some cause now unknown, drove away his squaw and child. Two or three years later she turned up as the squaw of a Canadian voyageur, named Baptiste Lajoie. The young half-breed grew up stout and of a noble presence; but the black drop was in his heart. He became an adept in

drop was in his heart. He became an adept in the use of weapons and trappers' implements, and, young as he was, was known far and wide for his strength, activity and skill in every athletic sport, as well as for his remarkable proficiency in prairie lore.

Lajoie, during one of his trapping expeditions, found a rich placer of gold, and in an unlucky hour resolved to take his adopted son with him to St. Louis to taste of the pleasures and dissito St. Louis to taste of the pleasures and dissi-pations of civilized life. The youth seemed pations of civilized life. The youth seemed overjoyed, and eagerly drank in the trapper's florid descriptions; and with them came a dark, deadly lesolve, which was afterward carried out. Baptiste Lajoie never reached St. Louis, but his adopted son did, and that son was loaded down with cold

For a few weeks the half-breed drank his fill of low, brutish dissipation; but then a curious freak took possession of his mind. He resolved play the part of a gentleman; and to operly, he resolved to go to school! nting himself as the son of a Cuban planter, entered a private school, and evincing a onderful aptitude for learning, soon caught up with and passed his companions. During all his time—nearly two years—his conduct in and out of hours would have borne the closest scru-He was a model of uprightness and pro-

Having finished his course of training, the nalf-breed made his debut in society as the only on and heir of a Spanish grandee. Darkly, randly handsome, he played his part well, and was *the* lion of the year. He became the leader was the lion of the year. He became the leader of a certain fast set, and easily kept his purse well supplied, thanks to his skill in manipulating cards and dice. He won the heart of a wealthy young lady, and the wedding day was set. But on that day the "Spanish Don" was a fugitive from justice. He had been detected in cheating at cards, and when accused, buried his knife in the unfortunate man's heart. est, but with knife and pistol he foiled toem. ping through the second-story window, leaver three dead men behind him. Strange to y, he escaped without a scratch, and though was hunted hotly by the officers of justice, gave them the slip and took to the plains to avoid punishment.

From that day on, his career was one of un-blushing treachery and crime. Tired of civil-ized life, he bought a stock of "notions" and set up as an Indian trader. Again wearying of this, he lived an indolent life ... the Indians, tolerated by their because of his ervices as an interpreter durid their barterin's with the whites. But he arranged from tribe to tribe so often that the translation, became Overturn, then Overton; he himself added the title

of colonel, when the English Fur Company, from Canada, employed him as their agent at high wages. Here again Turn-over played a double part, cheating both his employers and the Indians with whom he traded, clearing a large fortune before his doubled, clearing a large fortune before his double-dealing was found out. He made many bitter enemies among the Indians whom he had defrauded, and many attempts were made on his life. One and all of these were foiled. Upon three of these occasions he killed his attempted assassin, and to guard against the fury and vengeance of their kindred, he was forced to enlist and maintain a strong band of men who accompanied him everywhere.

him everywhere.

When Turn-over was discharged and superseded by the Fur Company, he made off with his spoils, and tired of the never-ceasing vigilance necessary to guard against death, he left the plains for New Orleans, where he soon became celebrated as Colonel Overton.

His capacity here was an exaggranted repetition.

His career here was an exaggerated repetition of his life in St. Louis, but he was more careful to keep without the clutches of the law. He paid court to the heires of one of the richest estates in Louisiana, and married her within the year. Possessed now of almost unlimited wealth, Overton displayed a houndless extravarance Overton displayed a boundless extravagance that made his name a wonder throughout the entire land, and he and his beautiful bride became one of the principal attractions of the

ee months later he was seen and recog nized by a cousin of the man whom he had slain at the card-table in St. Louis, and promptly ar-rested. While lying in prison awaiting a requi-sition from the Governor of Missouri, Overton sition from the Governor of Missouri, Overton once more escaped his merited doom. The relatives of his wife were very proud and felt the impending disgrace keenly. Satisfied that, if taken to St. Louis, Overton would most assuredly be found guilty—for he freely confessed to them that the charge was true—they lavished their gold with an unsparing hand, and bribing the officials, succeeded in getting Overton clear of the prison walls. But this did not content them. While he lived, disgrace would stare them in the face at every turn. Better that he should die; and so it was decided.

Overton was placed in a boat, and told that a

should die; and so it was decided.

Overton was placed in a boat, and told that a vessel was waiting for him, in which he was to seek safety on the Continent until the storm blew over. The night was dark and stormy when the little skiff left the wharf, pulled by the father and brother of the young wife. Overton suspected nothing, until the brother dropped his oar and shot him through the breast. Then he made a desperate struggle for life, but the odds were too great, unarmed he was. Three times was he shot, and stabbed as often; then the boat was upset by the furious struggle, and all three were precipitated into the angry waters. Overton managed to regain the overturned skiff, and lashed himself fast, then he swooned away.

It was a week later when he returned to life He had drifted far from land in the furious gale, and was picked up by a Spanish trader bound for Galveston. He was landed at that port and for Galveston. He was landed at that port and left at a sailors' lodging-house, without a cent of money. When he recovered sufficiently, he paid his host by tending bar, until he was out of debt. While thus engaged he formed the acquaintance of several professed traders with the Mexicans, and had little difficulty in gaining their confidence.

Mexicans, and had little difficulty in gaining their confidence.

He had a run of luck at the gaming-tables, and joined the traders as an equal partner. With a train of goods they started for Chihuahua. Disposing of their goods, the company appeared in their real colors; as land pirates. They captured two silver convoys, and committed so many atrocities that the country soon became too hot for them. By mutual agreement they disbanded and divided their spoils. Each one was to seek safety in his own way. Overton's course was a characteristic one. Hiding his plunder he sought out the chief of the ing his plunder he sought out the chief of the forces sent out against them, and offered to sur-render his comrades on condition that he was parrender his comrades on condition that he was pardoned his offenses. This treacherous proposal was promptly accepted. Overton faithfully carried out his part of the programme, and after complacently witnessing the death by the garrote of his late comrades, in Mexico, he carried his plunder to Texas. Heading for Santa Fe, he fell in with a company of traders with whom he had had dealings in the past. Drinking freely, he told his story without any reservation. That night the traders robbed him of horse, mules, plunder and all leaving him paked and weapon-

night the traders robbed him of horse, mules, plunder and all, leaving him naked and weaponless upon the prairie, as they believed, dead.

But fate had a still more horrible death in store for him. He recovered his senses, and for three days crawled over the prairie upon his hands and knees, his only food being grass and such insects and reptiles as he could catch. At the end of that time he was found by a party of Indians, who nursed him back to life. He repaid them by running off their stock in the night!

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CORDON OF FIRE.

THE favoring breeze bore to their ears the sounds that told so much, and, startled, the out-

sounds that told so much, and, startled, the outlaw's daughter and the Ranger captain for almost the first time since their peculiar interview
began, looked each other squarely in the face.
Missouri Belle's face flushed scarlet, then faded
to an ashy paleness, but her clear eyes never
faltered nor changed expression.

"Your friends and my friends are fighting,"
she said, in a rapid, decisive tone. "I can see
what your suspicions are. You believe that I
decoyed you hither so that your men might
prove an easier prey. Let it go at that. It will
make it all the easier for you to forget that
such a person ever lived as I. Go! your men are
hard pressed; they need your strong arm. Go,
Edward Conway; and God's blessing go with
you!"

There was an intense earnestness in her voice that thrilled through Dashing Ned's every fiber, and half mad with strongly conflicting passions, he started forward with outstretched arms as though to clasp the blessing to his heart. But Missouri Belle drew back with an imperious ges-

"No—the past is dead. If ever we meet again,

"No—the past is dead. If ever we meet again, it must be as strangers. Go! your men need you. I charge you by the love you once bore me, not to attempt to follow me. That would only bring sorrow to us both. Go! and pray Heaven that we may never meet again!"

As she spoke, Missouri Belle touched her mustang sharply with the spur, and plunged into the timber. Dashing Ded started as in pursuit, but at the second leap he reined in his horse. Once more the fresh breeze bore to his ears the reports of firearms, and this sound recalled him to a sense of his duty. With an impatient him to a sense of his duty. With an impatient gesture he brushed one hand across his eyes as though to banish the weird spell that had bound him, then turned his horse and thundered down toward the spot from whence the reports of fire-

As already stated, when Dashing Ned started in pursuit of the girl whom he had known only as Isola Alvarez, he left his men in charge of his as Isola Alvarez, he left his men in charge of his lieutenant, John Sullivan. A stouter-hearted, braver man never lived than this same "Buldog Jack. He never knew the meaning of the word fear, as applied to himself. Like the animal after whom he was named, when Sullivan closed with an enemy, it was a death-grapple. But this blind ferocity was his sole qualification for command. It rendered him a favorite with the hard-fighting Texans, but on this occasion, at least, it was the cause of a severe misfortune, to say no more.

at least, it was the cause of a severe misfortune, to say no more.

Their fiercest passions aroused by the loss of several good men, and by the taste of blood the flying skirmish had given them, the Rangers watched the chase with anything but pleasant sensations. They knew that this delay was unwise; that it might be the means of defeating the purpose to which they had devoted several months of arduous work. With every moment the Chaparral Wolf and his men were improving their advantage. It was hard, this enforced idleness, when one bold stroke might insure them the longed-for triumph.

Among those who chafed most was Fred Meyer, the scout. He, like many another then

Less than one month previous, his younger brother, a fine, open-heartedlad, had been found brother, a fine, open-hearted lad, had been found hanging from a tree, dead. From the "sign" around, there was little doubt as to who were his murderers. And beside the corpse, Fred Meyer swore a solemn oath to never know rest until he had exacted a heavy price for that young life.

For a few minutes he chafed in silence, but then, as he read the ill-disguised impatience of the lieutenant, he addressed Sullivan:

"The cap'n didn't say nothin' ag'inst sending out scouts, leftenant. They's no knowin' what them slippery imps may be up to. Better let me take a few o' the boys an' go on ahead. We kin blaze the trail so you won't lose any time when the boss comes back, but kin come up hot-foot."

hot-foot."

Sullivan looked doubtingly at the scout. A good follower, he was no leader, and scarcely able to form a judgment of his own. Meyer knew this, and made the most of the knowledge. Taking the consent for granted, he added. "I'll jest take hafe a dozen o' the boys, in case we run upon the imps, so we kin hold 'emontel you kin come up. We'll leave the trail plain enough for you. Ef the boss hadn't bin in sech a hurry, he'd told us to do jest this thing."

thing."

While he was speaking Meyer selected his men, nine in number, one of whom he chose to act as scout in conjunction with himself, and followed by the eight men, leading the two scouts' horses, the little party struck rapidly across the opening upon the trail of the Chaparral Wolves.

Though so ardent in the chase, Meyer was not

Though so ardent in the chase, Meyer was not a man to neglect all caution, and as they drew within gun-shot of the timber, he bade the horsemen draw rein, advancing with his broth-

horsemen draw rein, advancing with his brother scout to make sure that no ambush was placed to command the point where the trailentered the dense undergrowth. The spot was a favorable one for such a purpose, and a few determined men could have inflicted a heavy 1 ss upon any unsuspecting enemy.

With less caution than a perfectly cool scout would have displayed, Meyer assured himself that the timber was untenanted save by himself and his comrade. He had scarcely expected otherwise, as the spot was too favorable for an ambush, not to be looked upon with suspicion by a pursuer, and he also felt that Equality Eph was shrewd enough to know this as well as he.

he.

"He knowed we'd not pass by without fust takin' a scout, an' he putt in his best licks to gain ground," muttered Meyer, disgustedly, as he returned to the edge of the opening and signaled his men to advance. "Tain't no ways naled his men to advance. "'Tain't no ways likely he's goin' to stop this side o' the hole he's aimin' fer. He'll count on our s'archin' the oresh closely; an', wuss luck! we've got to do it,

The case was one that would have provoked a ss interested person than Meyer. If he were The case was one that would have provoked a less interested person than Meyer. If he were to proceed according to the rules of good scouting, by first feeling the ground before passing over it, there was the risk of losing their game altogether by being outpaced. On the contrary, by pressing ahead without due regard to prudence, there was the probability of running into an ambush, when their over-haste might well proved fetal.

an ambush, when their over-haste might well prove fatal.

Thus buffeted first by his longing for revenge, then by his experience as a scout, Meyer eventually lost his head and followed a medium course; too fast for a thorough feeling of the trail, too slow for the purpose of overtaking the enemy supposing they had pressed forward without any delay.

The trail was narrow and winding. But a single horseman or two footmen could pass comstrails and the state of the state o

single horseman or two footmen could pass com-fortably at a time. Meyer led the way, the other Rangers being strung out in a long line. At a point where the trail made a sudden bend to the east and passed through a miniature glade a dozen yards in diameter, the trap was

sprung upon them.
Good judgment had been displayed in selecting the point for, as well as in forming the amouscade. The trail led through the little glade, buscade. The trail led through the little glade, where the soil was such that a single straggling footprint would have been instantly detected. But Equality Eph had pressed on past this spot, sending his men into the bushes several rods further on, with orders to cautiously fall back and surround the little glade.

Fred Meyer and his brother scout were permitted to pass by, in order to bring the greatest possible number of men into the toils. Then the signal was given. A dozen rifles covered the

possible number of men into the toils. Then the signal was given. A dozen rifles covered the five men whose line filled the little glade, and at the word a deadly volley was discharged that laid men and horses dead upon the blood-stained ground. Then with wild, triumphant yells the Wolves broke cover, hoping to carry all before them by one decisive effort.

In that terrible moment, when one-half of their number were dead, and the underbrush seemed fairly alive with their relentless foemen, the surviving Rangers nobly sustained their well-won reputation of hard fighters. There was never a thought of flight. With knife and pistol they met the onset, too closely pressed to use their rifles. With the roar of an angry bull, Meyer turned and blindly charged upon his enemies. One minute later he lay dead beside his comrades; but not unavenged. He had sent

mies. One minute later he lay dead beside his comrades; but not unavenged. He had sent three Wolves before him.

It would be hard to say which party had been the most astonished. The outlaws found they had sprung their cunning trap, not upon the entire body, but upon the advance guard, as they supposed. And knowing that the other Rangers could not be far behind, knowing too that a second surprise would be impossible, they hastened from the spot, each in his own way, not daring to encounter the Rangers on anything like equal terms.

like equal terms.

Lieutenant Sullivan heard the firing and at Lieutenant Sullivan heard the firing and at once dashed to the rescue, reaching the scene of death in less than five minutes later. Just as they entered the glade, one of the outlaws, who had been left for dead, had recovered sufficiently to hobble away; but he was seen just as he entered the bushes, and a score of rifle-balls

vere sent after him.
This was the second firing which Dashing Ned leard, the moment after Missouri Belle coninued her flight.

Half an hour's hard riding brought him to the scene of death. The dead alone occupied the little glade. And as Dashing Ned gazed upon the mutilated bodies, he felt that only for his insane love, these men might not have died. (To be continued—commenced in No. 448.)

Archery.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE GAME.

It is a well-known and generally admitted fact that a considerable part of that delicacy of constitution, which is unhappily too prevalent among our fair countrywomen, arises from the sedentary nature of most of their occupations and accomplishments. Half the evils that their flesh is heir to "originate in a lack of muscu lar exertion, and of that stirring and exhila rating exercise which gives a healthy circula tion of the blood.

tion of the blood.

The occupations of women from girlhood to advanced age, lying within a limited sphere, are too apt to incline them to a species of semi-indolence, or to necessitate a routine of life and occupations which eventuates in a preference for sedentary amusements, and either from in-advertence or pure ignorance of the functions.

attention and activity; these exhilarate the spirits, exercise the muscles, circulate and purify the blood, and give a healthy tone to the system. The late spirited revival of the graceful and elegant amusement of archery, for so long suffered to remain in disuse, is a favorable symptom that our young ladies fully appreciate the facts recited above, and a heart and soul engaged in the "pursuit of happiness," to which nothing contributes so large a share as a thoroughly healthy body. Archery, from its gracefulness—from its adaptation to every age and every degree of strength—from the fact that it brings into play the faculties of both mind and body, and awakening and stimulating these faculties, as well as bringing into exercise the muscles of the legs, arms, and chest, recommends itself to the good will and consideration of everybody. present, had good cause for hating the Wolves. attention and activity; these exhilarate the

mends itself to the good will and consideration of everybody.

Roger Ascham, who was tutor to Queen Elizabeth, says of it: "It is an exercise most holsome for the bodye and a pastyme moste honeste for the minde; of all others the best, not only because it increaseth the strength and preserveth health most, but because it is not vehement, but moderate, not overlaying one part with weariness, but softly exercisinge everie part with equalnesse."

qualnesse."
Dr. Mulcaster, a contemporary of Ascham, br. mucaster, a contemporary of Ascham, thus eulogizes archery: "To say enough of this exercise in a few words, which no words can praise enough for the commodities which it bringeth to the health of the body, it consistent of the best exercises and the best effects of the best exercise."

Sir Wm. Wood, Marshal of the Old Society of Finshury Aichus, thus since its praise in his

Finsbury Aichus, thus sings its praise in his Bowman's Glory":

It is an exercise (by proof) we see,
Whose practice doth with nature best agree;
Obstructions of the liver it prevents,
Stretching the nerves and arteries; gives extent
To the spleen's oppilation; clears the breast
And springy lungs; it is a foe profest
To all consumption."

To all consumption."

That ought to be "confirmation strong" enough for the conviction of any one, however apathetically disposed toward the game or pastime. The literature of all ages contains allusions to this highly-esteemed exercise, and at distant periods it, no doubt, occupied an exalted position. Indeed, the bow and arrow formed the prominent and chief arm in battle.

In the Greek mythology and in the ancient Grecian and Egyptian sculptures are various allusions to and delineations of the bow and bowen. Becomes of archery have also been traced

nen. Records of archery have also been traced many Persepolitan, Macedonian and Parthian

The Chinese had this weapon. One of their proverbs reads: "When a boy is born in the family, hang the bow and quiver up at the gate." Their great sage, Confucius, wrote a treatise on such as the sage. As to the invention or first introduction of

As to the invention of installation that the bow there is no reliable or authentic record or tradition. The first mention of it is found in Genesis xxvii. 3, 1760 B. C., when Isaac bids Esau take the bow and quiver and go in search of venison. Ishmael in the same book, 22d chapter, is mentioned as having "become an archer."

Homer mentions the bow several times. In the Iliad, book ix., line 152, Pardarus is thus de-cribed aiming an arrow at Menelaus: 'Now with full force the yielding horn he bends, brawn to an arch and joins the doubling ends; close to his breast he strains the nerve below Til the barbed point approach the circling bow; th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing, sounds the tough horn and twangs the quivering string."

from far the flying shaft to wing."
In the Odyssey the suitors of Penelope are described as vainly trying to bend the bow which Ulysses had left at home; when the hero himself, disguised as a "tramp," having obtained permission to compete with them, thus proves his skill.

"On hand aloft displayed The bending horns, and on the string essayed, From his essaying hand the string, let fly, Twangs sharp and short like the shrill swallow's

Eneas, too, is alluded to as an archer, and in-dulged in the rather questionable task of intro-lucing archery at the celebration of his father's

Plato was a great advocate of archery and desirous that qualified persons should be appointed by the Government to teach the youth of Athens this art; the standing guard of the city contained among its other forces about one

Livy makes mention of the skill and prowess

of the Cretan archers.
Plutarch signalizes the defeat of the Romans by the Parthians, and ascribes it to the manner in which the latter galled the enemy with their

arrows.

The Romans as a people were not skilled in the use of the bow, although many of the nobles and several of the Roman emperors practiced it as an amusement. Herodian speaks of the feats and the "unerring hand" of the Emperor Commodus, who exhibited his skill on the wild beasts in the amphitheater. The date of introducing the long bow into England is not definitely known.

Until the time of Edward II. many writers claim that the arbalest or crossbow, only, was used; others as stoutly maintain that it was the long bow and no other. There is no doubt at any rate about one thing, that that old hero of ballad romance, Robin Hood—who could

"Hit a mark a hundred rod And cause a heart to die!" would be robbed of the wild glamour which surrounds his name if we took from him the graceful long bow and feathery arrows; therefore, if not from stronger convictions, we side with the last opinion that at least in the merry greenwood the long bow was the favorite.

Sweet William.

AN EPISODE OF FEATHER RIVER.

BY FRANK DAVES.

His general appearance was that of one who was sad, yet sociable; heart-broken, and yet facing the stern realities of life with a sad smile and an effort at cheerfulness.

His name was not known, as no one took the trouble to ask; but some genius dubbed him Sweet William, and by that name he was always of the known.

Sweet William, and by that name he was always after known.

He appeared at Mexican bar, on the Feather river, in 1852. He was then about twenty-five years of age; and a more unprepossessing specimen of humanity could not be found in the whole diggings. He soon located a claim, built a cabin, and commenced work. He seemed to be in some measure successful; and he could not well avoid it, as he worked steadily, and gold in those days was plenty all along the river. His steady habits in that land of barbarians soon attracted my attention, and I went around to his cabin one night for the purpose of extending to him the sociabilities of the bar. I found his cabin rudely furnished, as all mining shanties were then and will be until the end of time, but its general appearance of neatness and cleanliness struck me as being a decided departure from the general order of things on the

parture from the general order of things on the

were evidently several numbers too large for him; while his coarse woolen pants and shirt fitted him equally as bad. His eyes were large, gray, and melting, with a quick, half-startled look about them that impressed me with the idea that there was a deficiency of brain above them or that the possessor was continually under

idea that there was a deficiency of brain above them, or that the possessor was continually under the fear of something he scarcely knew what.

Another thing about him struck me as being decidedly novel; he could blush.

As soon as I made this discovery I hastened down to Dutch Pete's saloon for the purpose of communicating the startling fact to the small but choice band of spirits who congregated there nightly for the purpose of enjoying a felicitous game of draw-poker, and to sample the vile liquors dispensed to thirsty souls by the dignified bar-tender—Hoogly—a man not fair to look upon, but who was famous for his precision with the playful pistol, and whose friendship was in every way desirable.

"Gentlemen, he blushes like a girl," said I.

"Who?" demanded the pugilistic bar-tender.

"Why, the rabbit-eyed party up the bar."

"What! the smooth-faced galoot who don't drink nor play poker?"

"What! the smooth-faced galoot who don't drink nor play poker?"

"The same."

"Gentlemen," explained Clipper Jim, a Baltimore rough, "he's a great 'find."

Having aired his opinion thus, he ordered "pizen" for the house.

"Gentlemen and fellow-pilgrims," remarked Major Sylvester Hobbs, impressively, as he drained his glass, "that party is just a little 'off." As the major delivered this, he tapped his forehead significantly. The major evidently intended to convey the idea that the man was weak-minded.

"The suggestion is well-timed," remarked

intended to convey the idea that the man was weak-minded.

"The suggestion is well-timed," remarked Judge Downing. "The major is right—the party is 'off',' and it is the duty of every galoot on the bar to keep an eye on him, for he may break out in a new place some time and do his person violent injury. In other words, gentlemen, I hope it is not putting the matter too strong to say that he is liable, in a freak of aberration, to assault his own person—his own person, I say—with deadly intent."

"The judge is perfectly and absolutely right," remarked the major, decisively; "the galoot will wake up some morning and find himself as dead as a State bank-bill in Mexican bar."

The judge and the major now drank again, and adjourned for a little private game, leaving the matter to be discussed by the lesser lights; but a fight between Canada Bill and Long Tom ended the matter, and turned the conversation into other channels; and I soon retired for the

nto other channels; and I soon retired for the

Days came and went; and Sweet William pursued the even tenor of his way, regardless of the remarks his strange conduct excited.

After he had been on the bar a couple of the company of the left and the company of the left.

nonths, another stranger appeared. This lat-er person was a very different character from Sweet William. He was a tall, dashing man, with keen, villainous but handsome eyes; a regular practitioner at the bar (Dutch Pete's), and a remarkably lucky gambler, as quite a number of us soon discovered to our cost. He had an off-hand way of betting his ounces that was decidedly refreshing; and he soon acquired an enviable reputation as a sporting man.

our leading gambling-hall, and, much to my surprise, I saw Sweet William and the black eyed stranger seated at a table together play ing poker. I felt like remonstrating with the latter, as it looked like sheer robbery for him to the black eyed stranger seated at a table together play ing poker. I felt like remonstrating with the latter, as it looked like sheer robbery for him to the band earnings of the gentle Sweet. Will

win the hard earnings of the gentle Sweet Wil liam, and I remarked the same to a friend, bu the latter surprised me with the rejoinder: "No need to interfere, for Sweet William is kinning the black-eyed pilgrim scandalously." "What! Sweet William beating him?" 'You chance your ducats on that, pard. Jest

look at him."

I did look, and in all my experience I do not think I ever saw so skillful a poker player as that same Sweet William. He bet recklessly, but almost invariably won, much to the strandard stran

ger's surprise and disgust.

The scene attracted quite a crowd; and as our meek-eyed friend drew ounce after ounce of the yellow dust to his side of the table, low urmurs of applause ran over the room.
The cards were again shuffled, dealt, and the

betting began.

"I see your ten ounces, and make it twenty," calmly said Sweet William.

"I call you, pard," said the stranger, "and if you hold over me I am gone, for I am down

to hard-pan as sure as you live."
"Very well; what have you?" said the smooth-faced miner. "Four kings," was the reply.
"Good, but not good enough," said Sweet Wil-

liam.

"What?" gasped the stranger, for once losing control of his handsome features.

"Four aces and—a queen!" said the winner, and he spread out on the table four aces, and—an old photograph! It represented the features of a very beautiful girl; and as the gambler's eyes fell upon it, his face turned pale as death, nd great beads of cold sweat stood on his fore-

Do you know her?" hissed Sweet William.

"Yes; but who are you?"
"Her sister!" The hall was as silent as the grave; but in a

The hall was as silent as the grave; but in a moment the oppressive stillness was broken by the silvery tones of Sweet William.

"I am that young lady's sister; you ruined us both; she died, but I have lived for revenge. I have followed you through every State and territory west of the Missi-sippi; but now both of our piles are on the board, and the best hand wins."

The stranger sat in a kind of a dazed way through it all, his hands dropped helplessly by his side, and the most abject fear was written on

every feature.

Sweet William looked like a devil to me now Gone were the old sad smile and half-frightened

look in the eyes—the one now was cunning, devilish and cruel; the other was steely and

glaring.
"Have you anything to add to my little speech, Mr. Jerome Tilford?" queried Sweet William. William.
The stranger made no audible reply, but shook his head, and rubbed his hand across his brow, as if to collect his scattered thoughts.
In an instant Sweet William leveled a pistol in

In an instant Sweet within leveled a piston the stranger's breast, and pulled the trigger.

He gave a low, gurgling cry, and fell dead.

Sweet William, smiling like a very fiend, gave one glance at the corpse and left the hall, and was nevermore seen or heard of by the denizens

of Mexican Bar. EUREKA! EXCELSIOR!

A Respectable Paper for Young Americans, at last!

THE YOUNG NEW YORKER: A Boys' Story Paper and World of Sport. LOOK OUT FOR IT!

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, hav-ng had placed in his hands by an East India and placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail-by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. 436-26t. e.o.w. TO ADVERTISERS.

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CONTENTS OF No. 27.

Augustus Daisybeau, Love me little, love me Boy,
Baker, the shoeker,
Boy,
Magic circles,
Make me no gaudy chapmaker, Bright rosy morning, let, My Emma Louise, My vife vas so awfully

ack, Rhemish rifle pand, "Eureka,"
Far from the hearthstone,
Ole gray goose,
Poor Jack,
Since James put on high

lirting in the starlight, or you we are praying at home, rom our home the loved Song of the old bell,

ove the merry sunshine ll have your number! or 'll never have her back

n weary, so weary, 's nice to be a father, ick Ratlin, Larry's good-by,

Sweethearts, Stand to your guns, Tack and tack, The anchor apeak,

ter boy, Yo! heave, ho! You'll forgive me then. Now ready, and for sale by all newsdealers, five cents each; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of six cents per copy.

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a Grand Prize at Paris. NO GRAND PRIZES were awarded for Spool Cotton at PARIS.

Messrs, J. & P. Coats have established at Pawtucket, R. I., the largest Spool Cotton Mills in the United States. Every process of manufacture, from the raw cotton to the finished spool, is conducted there. Their American-made Spool Cotton took the award at the Centennial, and while they have never claimed special merit for their American-made Spool Cotton over that manufactured in their Scotch Mills, we have the satisfaction of announcing that they have so

satisfaction of announcing that they have so identified themselves with this country, that AMERICA, as represented by J. & P. COATS, is still

AHEAD IN SPOOL COTTON. Auchincloss Brothers.

Sole Agents in New York for J. & P. COATS.

BROWN HAS THE BLUES.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I'm sad to-day; I cannot sing!
Don't ask me; it's no use;
My muse has got a one-armed wing—
My harp has got but a single string
Because I have the blues!

I sent the Times an ode which, lo. The editor did refuse! He said such odes as that snow go—That up the flue it quick did flow—And so I have the blues.

A friend went back on me to-day;
I'd not a dollar loose;
Although he said that he would pay
The little sum on some near day,
And so I've got the blues.

To make folks think that I was rich I've tried full many a ruse, The people here can't swallow "sich," For gold and brass they say don't hitch, And so I've got the blues.

Between two hats of pleasing style I cannot, cannot choose; And I must go without a tile, Bare-headed in a world of guile, And so I've got the blues.

My landlord is a sordid elf. And importunes for dues; He squares himself and says my pelf Should jingle rhythmic with his delf, And so I have the blues.

The ship that I expect from sea Is on a wayward cruise, It's full of gold as it can be. If just one dime belonged to me I would not have the blues!

I tried to write a joke to-day The people to amuse; hose funeral notice, tell us, pray?" hose funeral notice, tell us, pray?" And so I have the blues.

I'm sadder than a loaf of bread Which boarding-houses use;
My heart is heavier than a lead
Two-bit piece which you cannot shed,
And so I have the blues.

I'm hourly manufacturing sighs;
My eyes are dim with dews;
The blueness that is in the skies,
And indigo, are on the rise—
Absorbed in these here blues.

Wild Western Tales.

CAPTAIN BELLE.

An Idyl of the Cheyenne Route.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER. "The stage ken't go thr'u', ter-night!" The information was volunteered by the large, raw-boned individual who sat astride an equally

raw-boned individual who sat astride an equally large and raw-boned horse.

The scene—a peculiar one, except in its customary locality—was at Pitch Fork, several miles above Red Canyon, in the Hills. It was no city, for the reason that none of the "auriferous" had been been found there. There was a large, grimy-looking shanty, in which were combined the several enterprises of a bar, a lodging-house, a gambling-den and a livery, where the stages to and from Deadwood changed horses. Five men stood outside-rough, bearded "pil-

Five men stood outside—rough, bearded "pilgrims," in red shirts, slouch hats, and with hands thrust in their buck-skin breeches pockets. They were but photographs of the individual on horseback;—"roughing" it in the mines, and "bad tarantler," had spoiled their personal beauty, if indeed they ever had possessed any. Hauled up, near by, was the eastward stage, crammed full to overflowing of humanity of both sexes, who were leaving the Hills in disgust; while two span of fiery horses pranced and fretted, eager to be off.

"Ther stage ken't go thr'u' ter-night!" the man on horseback repeated, addressing the express messenger, who came out of the tavern, where he had been "irrigating," "Red Canyon's full o' road-agents—more'n a hundred o' 'em thar, goin' ter stop this stage, or bu'st, you bet!"

bet!"
"Bah!" said Messenger Smith, grimly, "let 'em be road-agents, and be ripped! I've run more'n this stage thr'u' safely, heretofore, an' kin do et ag'in. Don't ye say so, Rawhide!" addressing one of the men standing up against the side of the tavern—Rawhide Ed, the driver of the stage which was drawn up in waiting.
"No! I don't onine I do "replied the vectors of the stage which was drawn up in waiting.

"No! I don't opine I do," replied the veteran Jehu, cracking the long whip from which he took his appellation of Rawhide. "I guess I ain't ready ter run ther gantlet, ter-night, ag'in' sech a full hand o' footpads—no, sir-ee, not fer me! I agree wi' Double Bar'l Jake, thar, who knows his P's and Q's—thet ar' stage ken't go thr'u' Red Canyon till we bev an esquart o' soiers!"

"Hang the soldiers! They'd weaken sooner than you or I!" replied the impetuous Smith. "Come! no more palaver now, but git ter yer ribbons. The passengers are all impatient, and it's time to be off."

from the tavern, out into the open air.
"Captain Belle Barronett, at yer sarvice, gentlemen!" introduced Rawhide, with a flour-ish—"old Jack's half-an'-half, don't ye kno'—

'Jack Barronett war a miner brave— War quick ter 'freeze' or 'thaw'— Got jilted by a Vermont gal, An' married an Injun squaw!'

Yas, an' thes rosebud ar' Jack's best, pilgrims,

Yas, an' thes rosebud ar' Jack's best, pilgrims, you bet!"

The girl turned an indignant glance upon the speaker, which caused him to shrink back; then gazed inquiringly at the stage, and Smith.

Fifteen years had barely passed over her head, yet she was strong and well formed. There was Indian blood in her veins, evidently, as her hair, black as the raven's wing, and eyes, together with a dusky cast of features, all bespoke the fact. She was dressed in a short skirt and waist, with moccasins and leggings below, and no covering to her head, while around her waist she wore simply a scarf containing a knife.

The rifle in her hand, however, was a hand-some magazine gun—one of Winchester's best, of 1876 model.

of 1876 model.

"A hundred dollars!" exclaimed Smith, gazing at the girl, sharply, "a hundred, square, ter he or she as will fetch yonder stage thr'u' Red Canyon, wi' Black Bob commandin' the way!"

"I'll do et!" Captain Belle said, in a deliberate way she had. "Give me that whip, Rawhide—an' you 't's going along git aboard."

She slung her rifle to her back, and seized the whip from Rawhide's hands, with a wild laugh. Then, she went to where the fractious horses were snorting and pawing, and, seizing the leaders by the bits with one hand, she belabored them cruelly with the whip, until maddened to

life and eternity.

It was a frightful ride, and it made even the hair of Express-messenger Smith feel 'on the rize,' as he saw the dare-devil girl stand fear-lessly up, with wonderful equipose, and lash the animals into a mad run, while she danced about and yelled like an insane person.

Yet he knew she was not insane—had heard of her wonderful exploits, and trusted for the best.

On-on: the stage tore down the trail through Red Canyon, where the rocks rose in picturesque grandeur toward a starlit sky, and carried the echoes upward in a great detonating volume —on, on, the old coach swaying from side to side, and the terror-stricken passengers swearing and warises of the start of the s

side, and the terror-stricken passengers swearing and cursing and fighting among themselves—and still the wild ride continued.

Suddenly, in dashing around an abrupt bend, a number of camp-fires reflected light around the scene—a motley swarm of men were strewn across the canyon trail.

Now comes the tug of war!

Now comes the tag of war! It is victory to carry the stage beyond that line of road-agents—it means defeat to fail, and the loss of both treasure and life.

desperation they leaped furiously away down the trail.

Messenger Smith, who had mounted to the driver's seat, had expected to see the daring girl crushed beneath the animals' feet; but noleven as they plunged away with snorts of terror, she had dragged herself to the coach tongue, next she was leaping and dancing upon the horses' backs, like some mad imp—then a bound brought her to the driver's seat with the reins in her hands!

And there she stood erect, her hair blowing back on the wind, and eyes flashing—stood there with the lines grasped in her left hand, while with the right she lashed the already infuriated horses with the long whip, every now and then giving vent to a ringing yell that made the noisy, jolting rumble of the ponderous stage, which swayed and tipped frightfully as it tore along.

On! on! on—the passengers clung to their seats in terror as the vehicle pitched and lunged along, threatening each moment to be smashed into a total wreck, as at every sharp bend—perhaps on the very edge of some yawning precipice—it would careen to one side, and tear along on two side wheels, leaving the passengers launched as it were on a frail possibility between life and eternity.

It was a frightful ride, and it made even the hair of Express-messenger Smith feel 'on the rize,' as he saw the dare-devil girl stand fearlessly up, with wonderful equipose, and lash the animals into a mad run, while she danced about and yelled like an insane person.

Yet he knew she was not insane—had heard of her wonderful exploits, and trusted for the broad of the knecker had esemingly reverberated the function of trage, the man spectod to her and seemingly reverberated throughout ever beral and throughout ever brated throughout event of the knocker had seemingly reverberated the floot of the knocker had seemingly reverberated throughout the waited floor as laughtly tones was laughing in his very heart. A second ring elicited no response, and then, with an exclamation of rage, the man spacious hall, elegantly frescoed in quaint, t

bloodless hand.
"Ho! you think to avoid me!" he hissed. "I

"Ho! you think to avoid me!" he hissed. "I might have expected such a welcome at Throstiewigg. By the days of old! my good Lambert, I'll find you if this roof bends over your head." Guy Evertress, as the man called himself, plunged down the dust-begrimed corridor, and lifted the latch of the first door that greeted him. He had no trouble in entering the great parlor that lay beyond the threshold, and the golden sunlight which revealed the rich appointments of the lofty place also showed him a candle standing solitary and alone in its old-fashioned candlestick on a table.

He sprung upon this discovery with an ejaculifted the latch of the first door that greeted him. He had no trouble in entering the great parlor that lay beyond the threshold, and the golden sunlight which revealed the rich appointments of the lofty place also showed him a candle standing solitary and alone in its old-fashioned candlestick on a table.

He sprung upon this discovery with an ejaculation of delight, and producing a tinder-box from his pocket, soon struck a light. Then, holding the candle above his head, he made the circuit of the room, saw the elegant chasing of

He looked around as if for a weapon of attack; he tried to wrench the iron molding from one of the pillars of the mantle, but it resisted his strength.

"Curses upon Throstlewigg!" he cried, strid-

"Curses upon Throstlewigg!" he cried, strid-ing in towering rage to the spinett, a clumsy in-strument that completely filled one corner of the room. A heavy velvet cloth in many rich folds covered the bulky instrument; Guy Ever-tress threw it back and seized one of the costly mahogany legs. Like a giant, he wrestled with it until, crack! it went, and he rose with a tri-umphant cry, the novel battering-ram in his hands!

umphant cry, the novel battering-ram in his hands!

A single bound brought the Man with the Malady to the panel, and he at once began to rain blows fast and furious upon it. A stalwart smith never wielded sledge with greater power than Guy Evertress did the carved spinett leg. He looked like a madman as he stood in the magnificent room where the gallant belles and beaux of other days had made love; his strange white hair ruffled by his swinging arms, and his face pale, but full of demonism impossible to describe. He seemed to look beyond the panel; something on the other side appeared to goad him to desperation. If the wall had been one of stone, Guy Evertress would have hammered there just the same.

A panel of iron it would have been to have resisted the blows rained against it. At last it began to give way; splinters of mahogany had fallen at the madman's feet; but his weapon was still strong—strong enough to subdue the oaken panel. It yielded with a crash that must have been music to the ears of the Man with the Malady; his strange hammer suddenly went through the opening with a force that almost carried him along. But he drew it back, and by a few more blows enlarged the aperture sufficient to admit his body.

"There's more than one way of dealing with panels!" the man exclaimed, with fiendish clee.

"There's more than one way of dealing with panels!" the man exclaimed, with fiendish glee, as, with the candle in his right hand, he sprung



'I was not dreaming!" he cried. "I saw the panel move! I saw a pair of eyes looking at me."

Now, the reins are wound around the girl Jehu's body, and she uses both hands to urge on the snorting horses with her long-lashed whip—and her voice rings out with the wild cry:

"Out of the track, you cutthroats! I'm goin' to take Smithy's treasure through, or die!"
Alas! words spoken with faith of an accomplishment which could not be. The road-agents were prepared for the emergency; a cable was drawn across the trail, and, held there by half a hundred pairs of hands, had the effect to burl back the horses upon the stage; there were swift and deadly flashes from many a shining tube; Captain Belle reeled and fell to the ground to be caught up by a road-agent—but she was dead.

"I saw the panel move: I saw a pair of eyes looking at me."

The mantles, the old English mirrors with their frames ornamented with the heads of Cromwell, with the flash of the Protectorate—and at last stood still in the center of the room.

"I am a fool!" he burst forth, with the flash of the madman. "They named me rightly when they called me the Man with the Malady! I've crossed the seas to find Throstlewigg—tennelses!"

As he fell back into the arm-chair and closed his eyes as if to shut out some unpleasant sight, the flash of the madman. "They named me rightly when they called me the Man with the Malady! I've crossed the seas to find Throstlewigg—tennelses!"

As he fell back into the arm-chair and closed his eyes as if to shut out some unpleasant sight, the flash of the madman. "They named me rightly when they called me the Man with the Malady! The couch started, and fell among the drapery with a half-uttered, "My God! Effie!" in his throat.

"I am a fool!" he madman. "They named me rightly when they called me the Man with the Malady! The will be a start of the root.

"I am a fool!" he madman. "They named me rightly when they called me the Man with the Malady! The will be a start of the root.

"I am a fool!" he madman. "They named me rightly when they called me the Man with the Malady! The will be a start of the wall, from which he si

ribbons. The passengers are all impatient, and it's time to be off."

"Then I reckon ye'll hev ter drive yerself, boss!" Rawhide replied, with a dubious shake of his head. "W'at wi' ther road-agents in ther kenyon, an' ten thousan' dollars in ther treasure box, I ain't so much 'on it' as I war awhile ago; I'll take a furlough, ef ye please!"

"Cuss it—the stage must go through, roadagents or no!" Smith cried. "Fifty dollars to the galoot as will grab them lines, and not let go of 'em until we are beyond Black Bob's gang—safe out o' Red Canyon!"

"Ay! I'll make it a hundred!" cried one of the passengers, from the top of the stage. "Hurry up yer taps, ef ye're goin!"

But the offer did not seem to attract any of the five men who leaned up against the cabin walls, smoking their grimy pipes. The few loafers who hung around Pitch Fork were never famous for their energy, and consequently manager Smith was in despair, as he glanced to where the sun was imparting a good-night kiss to the mountain peaks.

"Captin Belle's inside, irrigatin': I opine ye mought git her!" ventured Jed Toppins, the pink-nosed "mayor" of the town. "Hello! heer she is, now," and as he spoke a girl stepped from the tavern, out into the open air.

"Captain Belle Barronett, and the effect to hurl back the horses upon the stage; there were is wift and deadly flashes from many a shining tube; Captain Belle Breeled and fell to the ground to be caught up by a road-agent—but she was dead.

"Hold!" Black Bob said, in stentorian tones, as his men were about to proceed in their law-less work: "stop! let the stage go on, for this girl is Belle Barronett, and we make not war against her!"

The stage went on, but not without carrying an astonished load of passengers. By the death so for new woman, the treasure and life had been saved, which otherwise would have been for feited.

Few knew anything of Black Bob the road-agent, but proof enough it was that he had a little of the man left about him, when, for a proper stage of the proper for Young Americans.

A

A Respectable Paper for Young Americans,

at last! THE YOUNG NEW YORKER: A Boys' Story Paper and World of Sport.

LOOK OUT FOR IT!

Throstlewigg's Tenant.

A Story of Old-Time Virginia.

"So, this is Throstlewigg!" exclaimed a man who long ago drew rein before one of the colonial mansions of Virginia, and looked up with no little disappointment at the old pile which might have served for the quarters of a squadron of Cromwellian dragoons. He did not seem to disposed to dismount until he had completed his study of the antique house, and when he alighted, it was plainly to be seen that appearances had not captivated him.

Tethering his horse to the strong oaken post before the house, the man went up the steps, and lifted the lion-headed brass knocker. While waiting for a reply, he drew his heavy cloak closer around his form, for a cold, cutting wind blew from the north and made him shiver.

"Marry! but I'll leave this new world when I have finished my work!" he said, half aloud. "More's the pity that I should cross the seas in search of a bubble which may burst in my hand. But I will go on now; no turning back; nothing shall daunt Guy Evertress!"

nothing shall daunt Guy Evertress!"

the mirror.

It was a clear-cut and almost expressionless many heauty. A great face, but not devoid of manly beauty. A great trouble had been this person's legacy, and he seemed a part and parcel of Throstlewigg—ghostly, gloomy and cold, as he sat in the old chair with his eyes closed, and his skeleton fingers clutching the supports as if the spasm of death was upon him.

death was upon him.

But the eyes could not have been entirely shut; he must have looked out from beneath the black lashes, for, all at once, he sprung like a ti-ger from the chair, and with a cry that seemed but half-human, bounded to one of the somber panels of the wall.

or the wall.
"I was not dreaming!" he cried. "I saw the panel move! I saw a pair of eyes looking at

panel move! I saw a pair of eyes looking at me!"

But the panel would not move; it seemed as stationary as the lofty wall itself, and biting his lips till they bled, Guy Evertress, the white-faced man, turned vexed away.

He went back to the chair and half-buried himself again in its depths. He fixed his eyes on the panel, looking through the lashes as before; but saw nothing to cause him to repeat the spring and the cry.

Guy Evertress, of Holyroke, might have told the story of his life while he sat there, with eagerness and vengeance strangely mixed on his countenance; but his ashen lips, cruelly bitten, did not move. He might have told how, to find one Effie Morton, he had crossed the seas; how he had fled from an insane asylum, where, for ten long years, he had been known as the Man with the Malady. He knew that the seal of Sir Lambert Marle had opened the doors of the madman's grave to him; and tidings of his persecutor's flight to the New World, with Effie, his niece, had reached even his cell in the madhouse.

All this and more the Man with the Malady All this and more the Man with the Malady could have told to the candle and the pictures, as he sat in the room in Throstlewigg, to which the trail of Marle had led him. But, ten years had passed away; ten years of misery and wretchedness in a mad-house! Effie, if living, was now a woman of five-and-twenty; he a man of thirty, with many a silvery hair on his

Throstlewigg had stood alone on the bank of the James since the days of the first Charles; its owners had been many, its visitors few; it was almost unknown to the nearest neighbors—a fit place for Lambert Marle to immure the fair girl whom he had wrested from Guy Evertress

girl whom he had wrested from Guy Evertress of Holyroke.

"Ha! will it not move?" cried the womanhunter, suddenly starting from the chair with eyes still fixed upon the panel. "Throstlewigg is not uninhabited! I saw its tenant's face—that is, I caught a glimpse of it, and I'm going to see more. Ah! Guy Evertress, you did not cross the seas to be baffled by a panel!"

door stopped him.

A tall man leaped into the chamber, and halted between Guy Evertress and the bed. For a moment the two men stared into each

"What! back from the cell?" cried the new-

comer.

"Back from the death corridors of St. Hopeless! I am the Man with the Malady, Lambert Marle. I am the victim of your false caths, your hated schemes. Didn't I say that I would one day leave my cell, and follow you to the ends of the world! Ha! in the depths of the king's Virginia you have hidden; here you have kept yon fair lady from the hand of Guy Evertress; but it has come to carry off and to nunish!"

punish!"

"Nay, madman!" was the response, as the new-comer drew his rapier. "I half expected to find you here when I saw your horse without. See! I am prepared for you! Where is your weapon! Ha! ha! Marry! but I have you at my mercy, and that in Throstlewigg!"

With flashing blade Lambert Marle sprung eagerly upon the intruder; but the heavy candlestick was suddenly drawn back, and the next instant it was sent forward like a thunderbolt.

So quick was the weapon launched that Lambert Marle could not prepare to meet it. The sword was dashed aside, and the bolt, striking him in the face, dashed him to the floor

The Man with the Malady sprung over the body, and seized the figure unconscious on the couch. The triumph of the jungle tiger was in his eyes, and with the lady in his arms he turned ipon the persecutor.

But he did not stay to finish the vengeance

But he did not stay to finish the vengeance which he had begun, for there was the crackling of flames behind him; the long curtain reaching from ceiling to floor was burning; the candle had fallen among its folds.

Guy Evertress fled from Throstlewigg; he mounted his horse and dashed away, the white-

mounted his horse and dashed away, the white-faced female in his arms.

Like a man with a malady he rode over Virginia's hills and dales with a lurid light flaming against the dark sky behind, until he entered a town many of whose people deemed him an apparition as he rode down the street.

With daylight he was off again, nor did he pause until he reached the coast.

Effie, cold and shuddering, but full of joy, slept through the long ride in the arms of the Man with the Malady!

And a few bold people who crept up to hurn.

And a few bold people who crept up to burn ng Throstlewigg saw a man sadly contemplating the sight. It was Sir Lambert Marle. After the fire he disappeared forever!

MOTIVES are like harlequins; there is always a second dress beneath the first.

Beat Time's Notes.

A light matter: a heavy gas-bill.

You should never try to compliment a painter by saying he is an artless man

Our unpretentious corn is very sore this month and we are anxious for it to sore away.

No true gentleman would ever be so impolite as to ask a lady's age. No, indeed. He should always inquire after her youth.

X. writes to ask if we are in favor of hard-money or greenbacks. Most assuredly we are, as a patriotic American citizen we are.

In manhood the admonition is to "go slow," but when I was a boy at home I was always instructed to go fast—especially on errands.

Ah, yes, any forlorn brother with big feet seeing Jones's footprints in the sands of Time would certainly take heart again and not be cast down

DID I understand you to say you cultivate a garden, stranger?" asked a traveling parson. "Yes, sir." "What kind of a garden did you have this season?" "A beer garden, sir."

While a Trade dollar is only worth 90 cents and a Mexican dollar 85 it is some consolation to know that one hundred big copper cents are still worth a dollar, and Christmas lingering

"MEN SWEAR AT COST AT THE NEW CLOTHING "MEN SWEAR AT COST ATTHE NEW CLOTHING STORE" was the way it was painted on the fence, which was certainly putting swearing cheap enough. It was meant to read: "MEN'S WEAR AT COST."

Autumn poets are all busy now on poemlets beginning "The leaves are turning brown." It seems to us that the leaves have someway been turning Brown long enough. Why not allow them the privilege of turning Smith, Jones or Robinson awhile for a change.

One of the best recommendations of Wiggims's Hair Restorer is from a boarding-house. The guests wrote that of late they have not found a single hair in the victuals and a committee of inquiry found the cooks in possession of several bottles of it. They say they feel lonesome.

"This is Castile soap, is it—cast steel!" said a guest. "Well, I should think so. When I rubbed it on my cheek it struck fire. Please take it down and tell the landlord to send me up in its place about that big a piece of brick, not the hardest piece of brick, remember, porter, but moderate."

A FLEA in a microscope, or on you, is two inches and a balf long and three inches in circumference, has three rows of sharp teeth, and an extra bottle of poison under their left arm, and their jaws have a one-horse power which they put to use where it will do the most good. They are always where your fingers are not, and they can make themselves invisible, though they make themselves felt.

A FABLE—FROM ESOP (SOME DISTANCE).

Two men accidentally fell over a fence into a pear orchard, when a big bull-dog made for them, and one went up a pear tree while the other laid down on his face, pretending to be dead, as he had read about. The dog sniffed at him, and finding that he did not smell altogether like a dead man, took a bite of him, when he jumped up with a yell and showed fight, and the dog ran off with what he had of him. "Why," said he, "did you desert a friend in danger that way?" The one in the tree quit eating pears long enough to reply, "Why did you make such a fool of yourself as to stay there when you could have climbed a tree and put in all this time eating pears?" Just then the owner came full tilt, and the one on the ground ran off and escaped, and the other was shaken out of the tree and saved. The moral is, "Never run up a tree to avoid danger if there are pears there." A FABLE-FROM ESOP (SOME DISTANCE).

THE NEW HAT FLIRTATION:

To raise your hat and let your dirty stockings and handkerchiefs drop out on the sidewalk, means: "I adore you."

To sit down on your hat, means: "I am crush-

To have your plug hat mashed in, means: "I am desirous of an acquaintance."

To wear your hat on the back of your head, means: "I am intoxicated with your charms."

To would work hat down your reason were also means.

To pull your hat down over your ears, means: I am over ears in love." To wear your hat on your left ear, means: "I

am smitten."

To wear it on your right ear, means: "You are very pretty."

To pull your hat forward over your eyes, means: "I think your face is too bright to look

upon."

To run after your hat down-street in a high wind in the presence of ladies, means, in common English, that "I am making a fool of myself."

BEAT TIME.

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